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MASSES

NOVEMBER, 1928

15 CENTS



drawn by Hugo Gellert

Upton Sinclair's 50th Year Anniversary Number

Contributors: Henry George Weiss, Martin Russak, Herman Spector, Dr. B. Liber, Art Young, Roger Baldwin, John Haynes Holmes, Norman Macleod, William Gropper, Robert Wolf, Scott Nearing and others.

11th Year! Soviet Russia

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This month marks the 11th year of the Soviet Union. The anniversary brings new economic and cultural victories for the workers. We greet our Russian comrades, who with creative daring, are building the new social order based on co-operation, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat that will win for each man and each woman the right to bread, and the right to song.

Upton Sinclair is 50 years old this month. Because he has been, except for his war record, the only writer in America to stand consistently by the working classes, the New Masses has devoted part of this issue to an appreciation of his revolutionary services.

We ask our readers again: Get Us Subscriptions! The New Masses can be built into a strong, useful and vital magazine if you will help. It is the most important thing you can do for the magazine; get at least one new subscription!

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BOLSHEVIKS RESCUE FASCITS!

The First Eyewitness Account of the Heroic Achievements of the Soviet Icebreaker "Krassin"—How It Found Nobile

Translated from V. Valentinov's Letters in the Leningrad Pravda, by Natalie Gomez.

After a day of hard work for everyone, the plane was unloaded on the ice. The trial flight was made in the evening. Sheliagin and Fedotov, the mechanics, announced that the motors were ready. Then Chuhknovsky, and his assistant pilot, Straube, took off easily. In a moment our flying beauty, "U. G. 1.", was high in the gray Arctic sky.

Chuhknovsky swooped in long circles above the Krassin, while all of us watched him intently.

We were glad Chuhknovsky had been able to take off with his heavy 3-motor plane in such a small field. We knew the iceberg containing the Italian castaways was only 150-200 metres long.

For fifteen minutes Chuhknovsky went weaving his great circles. Then someone suddenly began yelling from the ice: "Comrades, look, look! An accident! Chuhknovsky has broken a ski!"

It was true. We saw that one of the landing skis on the plane stood perpendicular to its mate. A serious accident seemed imminent. Fedotov ran to the ship, dragged from somewhere a spare ski, and stuck it in a conspicuous place in the ice-field. He waved his arms, and shouted warnings to the plane.

Chuhknovsky seemed to understand the frantic message. He made a final round over the ice-breaker, and then lowered his plane calmly. Then, strange to relate, only a dozen metres before he landed, the ski snapped into position again. Chuhknovsky shut off his motor, and skidded up the ice to the Krassin. The trial flight was successful.

2.A GREETING TO THE ITALIANS

It was quite late. None of us could sleep. It was only two days before the historic rescue. Chuhknovsky, the aviator, who was to become world-famous in a few days, came into the officers' cabin. He walked about nervously, hunting for something. Then he said to one of the correspondents:

—Please, will you help me with a little matter?

—Certainly, with pleasure!

Chuhknovsky wanted him to work out some signals to be enclosed in the letter he intended dropping on the ice to the stranded Italians. The letter began:

"On board the Krassin, July 9th, 1928.

"In the name of the Russian committee of the Nobile rescue expedition, and in the name of the crew of the ice-breaker, Krassin, the aviator Chuhknovsky is happy to bring heartfelt greetings to fliers of the Italia. He is in command of a 3-motor Junker plane with skis. He intends, if meteorological conditions allow, to land as closely to your group as possible, and to pick up its members. . . ."

The letter continued with further instructions. It was never delivered, for events took a different turn.

3. OFF AT LAST

The fog had lifted, the sky and sun burned brightly, the air was warm. It promised to be a fine summer day. Chuhknovsky walked up and down the narrow decks of the Krassin. He stared at the sky. Then he went in and lay on his cot, but could not rest. His eyes were fixed on some point in the sky.

The mechanics, Fedotov and Sheliagin, were giving the final tests to the motors, tuning up each separate part.

The second pilot, Straube, was busy checking up the list of provisions. At last the preliminaries were ended. It was precisely four o'clock when Straube bounded into Chuhknovsky's cabin, and said, in a voice full of joyful excitement:

—Listen, Boris Grigorievich! Everything is ready!

Chuhknovsky looked at him and tried to seem matter-of-fact.

—Well, he growled, what of it? If everything is ready, let's go.

Then he began pulling on his heavy flying suit.

The flying field, slab of ice about 250 by 300 metres, was crowded with our people. Nearly every member of the expedition was there to see Chuhknovsky start. He and the other fliers stood by the plane. We all kissed them warmly and shook their hands. There were no farewell speeches, or flowery words. Straube started the motor, the plane whistled, hummed, took off. Through clouds of snowy dust, Chuhknovsky waved goodbye.

In less than a minute, the "U. G. 1" had sped 100 metres down the ice and then lifted itself gracefully and was high over our heads.

The mechanic, Sheliagin, and the observer, Alekseev, stood up in the observation part of the plane. They shouted down to us, waving their arms. But we could not hear their message, the plane kicked up such a racket.

The plane grew smaller and smaller. We climbed an ice-hill, and stood there for half an hour, watching that dwindling spot in the sky which contained so many hopes. Everyone was nervous, and pressed his neighbor's hand. Everyone reassured everyone else:

—Our flyers will do their duty. Our Comrade Chuhknovsky will do his revolutionary duty!

From the right, we saw a heavy fog closing in. It was the same dangerous fog that brought our fliers down only 27 miles from our ship.

4. RADIO MESSAGES

They had gone; and for some reason, we on the Krassin felt desolate.

Every 15-20 minutes our radio picked up short messages from Chuhknovsky.

—We are now flying over the island of Carl XII. Solid ice coming to an end. (On the Krassin our hearts began beating faster.)

—We are approaching Broch Island. (This island could be seen



Comrade Chuhknovsky

by the Krassin crew from one side, and by the Italians from the other.)

—We are sighting open water. (*Hurrah, what luck, open water!*)

Then suddenly! ! . . . Radio messages from the plane ceased.

5. WAITING

7 o'clock that night.

The fog was a solid wall. We built big bonfires, lit our searchlight and swung it about. The tall stacks of the Krassin poured thick black smoke for a signal. All in vain.

Chuhknovsky was due. It was two hours since he had gone. But we could not hear his motor in the fog.

9 o'clock.

Still no news. We began worrying over the fate of our comrades.

9:45.

The cabins were deserted. Everyone now was on the top deck or on the ice.

Waiting, waiting. . . .

6. A MESSAGE AT LAST

We waited a long, long time. For five hours we did not hear from Chuhknovsky. Then, at 1 o'clock in the morning, the Krassin radio picked up a message from him. He had been forced down 27 miles away from us, about a kilometre and a half from shore, near Cape Brade. The message continued. . . .

—Chassis broke. Damage slight. Men are well. We sighted, if we are not mistaken, the Malmgren group on the ice. Two men were standing up, waving flags, the other was lying on the ice. Come quick and save. . . . (*here we trembled as the radio sparks flew*)—save the Malmgren group. . . . Ice conditions. . . good. . . Our rescue can wait. . . .

Comrade Chuhknovsky also gave the approximate location of the Italian group. (By the way, later Chuhknovsky did not insist he had seen three men on the ice, but said some other object might have easily been taken for a third man.)

7. THE KRASSIN GETS INTO ACTION

What glorious news! The Malmgren group, given up for lost, had been found! Now we could do something. The Krassin was ready for its duty.

Later that night (if you can call it night, with the sun shining brightly), the commander of the Krassin, Eggi, came into our cabin. He moved softly in his night slippers.

—Well, comrades, he said with a smile, in about four hours we should be off.

—Where to? someone asked, naively.

—To rescue Malmgren and the other Italians of course, said Commander Eggi.

Then he added, with a whimsical smile:

—God knows, men have done such things before: It ought not to be too difficult for us.

Sleep was now out of the question. And in 10 minutes we heard shouting:

—Comrades, all hands on deck!

We rushed out into the excitement. . . hammers and saws were going full blast . . . sleighs, lumber, storage cans and other paraphernalia was being picked from the ice. . . in four hours everything was ready. . . .

Fedotov, the mechanic, who had remained behind with us, hung over the deckrail, and watched the work sadly. He was thinking of Chuhknovsky and the other stranded fliers.

—The devil take them, he said, I hope they didn't wreck our plane. Such a beauty. . . and so expensive, too.

The work was done. With great puffs of steam the Krassin began pushing and straining forward through the ice. Through four-metre blocks of white iron its weight cut like a blunt knife, forcing a passage through the Arctic toward the men who had been prisoned for 48 days, waiting and hoping for an impossible rescue.

We moved at a mile an hour. The sun shone ever more brightly. We were nine degrees from the pole, but the day was as warm as a Moscow summer. We stood on deck, and our eyes roamed the wasteland, searching for people there. And then, after many hours, the incredible happened.

8. THE RESCUE

I remember, during the weeks before this strange day, that we used to sit about the cabin of the Krassin, and indulge in idle, fantastic dreams of the rescue. Half in fun, half in earnest, we would picture the moment of rescue.

Eggi, the young commander of the Krassin, had a great time at this sport.

—Comrades, it will be wonderful, he would say. Everything will be neat and orderly, like a well-written play on the stage. Our ship will sail proudly up to a big iceberg. And there the Italians will be sitting, waiting for us. We will steam alongside the iceberg and lower the gangplank. Well, comrades, we will shout, step right in; we are glad to inform you that you have been saved. Come right in, the samovar is ready for our honored guests!

We laughed at this picture. Yet it was an exact prophecy. The dream came true.

The Italians were waving at us from the ice feebly. At last we managed to come alongside, and to lower a "parade" gangplank.

Comrades Samoylovich and Orass were the first to go down the plank. They were dressed in their worn leather jackets, their eyes red and heavy with many sleepless nights.

The Italian, Biglieri, hobbled up slowly to Comrade Samoylovich. The two men kissed emotionally.

—Thank you, said the Italian flyer, in French, his voice choked with emotion, thank you, my dear Russian professor.

Behounek, a young Czechoslovakian professor, came next, and Troiani, an Italian engineer, "The Philosopher," as he was immediately nicknamed by our crowd, was next.

The men were covered with heavy Polar beards, their hands were black with dirt. They hadn't been able to wash for three weeks. Like Biglieri, they pressed our comrades with warm embraces, and thanked the Krassin for their rescue.

Not far from the ice-breaker, stood the last member of the stranded group. He was Ceccioni, the mechanic, a middle-aged man with a simple, friendly face. He had broken his leg in the fall of the Italia, and stood on self-made crutches, his right leg wrapped in a dirty rag, a piece of the dirigible's casing.

He tried to hobble over to us, but had a difficult time, and could not make it. The steward, Mikhail, and I hurried over to him. Ceccioni, beamed with a happy, child-like smile, and waved a little red flag at us.

—Monsieur Ceccioni, we said in French, let us help you.

—Oh, please, please, he said, shaking our hands, please, good Russians.

He put his arms over our shoulders, and laboriously we made our way through the soft snow back to the icebreaker.

Ceccioni was in pain, and breathed hard, but he would not stop for a rest. He wanted to reach the ship as quickly as possible. It was as if he feared the Krassin would not wait for him, but would steam off again, leaving him alone on his iceberg, in this white wilderness.

9. CECCIONI

This wasn't cowardice; it was just the stress of emotion. Ceccioni was a brave man.



Comrade Chuhknovsky

For later we learned of a conversation the Italians had held the day before we found them. One of the group had raised the question:

—Would any of us here make another trip, if asked, to the North Pole?

The others had thought the question over seriously, and all of them but Ceccioni had answered:

—No, never again.

Behounek had a fiancée waiting in Prague whom he had promised not to fly further than King's Bay. Biaggi had a family waiting for him in Rome; Troiani had developed a bad case of arctic neurasthenia on this trip, and was sick of exploring; and Biglieri admitted that he too, was sick and tired of the endless ice and cold; he wanted city life, amusements, women, dancing, wine, no more arctic trips.

But the mechanic, Ceccioni, in his simple way, he alone said he would make another trip, if needed. He had already made two flights in the Arctic, he had broken his leg on this last trip, and he also had a loved wife and family at home.

—But yet, he said, simply, I'd go again, with great willingness!

And not for fame or honor, but because he was a brave man, and a man of science, this mechanic whom we Soviet men had travelled thousands of dangerous miles to rescue. . . .

Only when the gangplank was reached did Ceccioni at last consent to rest.

—I'm tired, can't go any further.

He looked up at the Krassin with tear-filled eyes, and murmured in Italian:

—Bene Krassin, multa bene Krassin, good, very good Krassin!

At the gangplank we were met by the comrade Doctor Snednevski. He was very impatient.

—Take this man to the hospital at once. We must bathe him and dress his leg at once.

We obeyed the doctor's orders without delay.

10. CHUHKNOVSKY IS RESCUED

And all this time Chuhknovsky was waiting with our other comrades. He had radioed us to rescue the Italians first, but we knew how long the hours must seem to him, alone in an icy world.

So for three days we broke our way through the ice toward Cape Braid, near which point Chuhknovsky was stranded.

The sun was strong, the ice soft under its steady glow. Our heavy bows smashed the ice into fragments. Every five or six hours our radio picked up messages from Chuhknovsky. He was keeping us informed of his location.

Some of his messages were not so technical.

—All of us here feel cheerful and strong. We are happy to send our congratulations to the expedition for the successful rescue of the Italian fliers.

—Our comrade Sheliagin seems to be suffering from a slight bellyache.

Poor Sheliagin, he was always a hearty eater; he probably stuffed himself with the reindeer meat of which his group had an overabundance! How he was probably longing for some good black Soviet bread!

July 15th. Night. The sun was shining brightly. To the left we could see Cape Platen very clearly. Near that point, only two weeks ago, we had waited at anchor for the ice to give, so that we could push through and save the Italians.

In the distance stood visibly the tall Cape Braid, a mountain covered with eternal snow. In that vicinity Chuhknovsky was now waiting for us.

Cheers went up from the group around the radio. Chuhknovsky had just flashed that he and his group could see us. Comrade Orass rushed to the radio. He and Chuhknovsky held an interesting conversation.

Orass—Which course now?

Chuhknovsky—Course is approximately 85 degrees, distance 10 miles.

Orass—The depth here is 90 sagan. We are breaking ice, going ahead. We should be about 6 miles from you.

Chuhknovsky—We are one mile from shore, near 101 by map No. 303.

Orass—Burn something, send up a smoke signal.

Chuhknovsky—In 5 minutes we'll send up a sky-rocket. Also making ready a bonfire.

Orass—How is the ice in your region?

Chuhknovsky—Ice is 80 centimeters.

Orass—Is the ice broken or solid.

Chuhknovsky—It runs from small pieces to pieces one meter thick.

The open water gave way to an icy plain, thin but difficult to pass. We made our way painfully, skirmishing backward and forward. July 16th, after the evening tea, we finally reached Cape Braid. Every mile of ice was a real battle. It took us several hours to conquer the last five weary miles. But we had to get as close as possible, for we had to take aboard not only our comrades, but the plane, as well.

At 6 o'clock, when we were but two miles from Chuhknovsky, the radio operator, Udihin, and one of the correspondents started walking over the ice to the stranded group. We watched them through our field-glasses. We saw them stumble over a mile of ice. Then they drew nearer the plane. Then we saw the men of Chuhknovsky's group come forward, and the two groups embraced, and danced on the ice like boys.

We settled down to wait for their return. Hours passed. Supper was ready for them on the cabin table.

At last the ship's maid, Xenia, burst into the cabin, shouting joyfully:

—Comrades, comrades, Chuhknovsky is back! And he's so dirty, it's a terrible shame! I will make him take a bath at once! So we leaped on deck to greet our glorious flyers. They had on their leather jackets and high marsh-boots. Their faces were caked with a brownish-black plaster of grease, soot, dirt and wind. We embraced our dear comrades with joy, and asked them question after question. One of them gave us the following account of their adventure:

—On the 10th of July, late at night, after all attempts to locate the Biglieri group had failed, Comrade Chuhknovsky decided to fly back to the Krassin. But he could not locate it; the ice-breaker was hidden by fog. After a determined hunt that lasted many hours, Chuhknovsky lost his bearings and realized he had taken the wrong course. But nothing could be done. About 10 o'clock the plane landed on the ice. One ski broke off, and part of the chassis. Chuhknovsky throttled the motor, and leaped out. The others followed him; they all made it safely.

The mechanic, Bluvstien, was the last one to come down. Everything lay covered in thick fog. He looked all around him bewilderedly, and asked where the Krassin was. He hadn't known he was lost. The second pilot, Straube, laughed, and said, the Krassin was "only" 20 miles away.

—Is that so, said Bluvstien, and here I thought we had landed on our own flying field! It took him a long time to realize he had just escaped with his life.

It was only due to the extremely skilful flying of Comrade Chuhknovsky, who knew the polar ice conditions so well, that the plane landed with such small damage about 2 kilometres from shore, not far from Cape Brade.





UPTON SINCLAIR IN AMERICA

By FLOYD DELL

Upton Sinclair occupies a peculiar place in American literature. He is regarded with suspicion by our critics. It is true that his great novel *The Jungle* scored an overwhelming success with American readers—and that his new and perhaps greater novel *Oil!* has won for him, after a long period of critical neglect, many hearty encomiums, as well as a new popular following. But it is not the fashion among American writers to believe anything very deeply—with some exceptions which will be noted. And Upton Sinclair, in believing in the world-wide revolutionary movement of the workers to overthrow capitalism, is a strange and wild bird in our tame literary aviary.

There are things which the polite American literary tradition permits our writers to believe in. There are two contrary sets of beliefs which are quite respectable. One is the belief in silk stockings, fur coats, high-class automobiles, expensive restaurants, pretty lingerie, organized sports, and the system by which these things are provided for those fortunate enough to be able to get them. This belief, is practically synonymous with American patriotism, and might be called the almost universal religion of America. It is mechanical civilization, but by almost everybody else, including those who are on the way to achieving these things, and those who merely read about them in the papers and look at them in the movies. Upton Sinclair does not share this great American patriotic and religious middle class belief.

On the other hand there is another belief, not by any means so widespread and popular, but highly cherished by a certain small section of our population. This is the belief that life is a hopeless muddle, and all ideals are delusions, and that any hope of creating a better world is folly. This belief is characteristic of a more or less bohemian critical group with aristocratic ideals, which has reacted with genuine sensitiveness but without much thought and with no courage at all to the tragic aspects of our machine civilization. The best these hurt souls can do is to dream of the middle ages, or of the South Seas, or of some paradise in the past. They dare not dream of struggling for something better in the future. They pride themselves upon their aristocratic cynicism, and they turn aside from the revolutionary struggle with a disdain which masks their cowardice. They demand of their favorite writers that they set forth their belief that life is not worth living. That is their religion. Upton Sinclair does not share that aristocratic-bohemian religion.

America at present is lavish to its writers with praise and payment. Never in the history of the world were writers who could please the public so highly or so generally rewarded. The competition is severe, yet so rich is the field that any writer with a scrap of talent can make a luxurious living by simply writing entertainingly of life as it is lived among the luxuries advertised in the magazines. A thousand dollars for a single short story in a magazine is no uncommon price. One weekly magazine pays \$500 for each 500-word story—a dollar a word. These high-priced words are, naturally, calculated to thrill but not disturb the reader.

So much for pay; as for praise, that is not included. Most of these high-priced writers are disdained by the aristocratic-bohemian critics. Yet these critics are lavish enough with praise to their own favorite writers, and there is scarcely any writer with a scrap of talent who cannot gain an enormous critical repute by asserting that life is not worth living. Poor devil, he generally has to be content with the praise, and miss out on the cash rewards. But sometimes he miraculously manages to please both groups, and gets both praise and payment. The trick appears to lie in the sufficiently cynical description of sufficiently luxurious lives, thus pleasing the middle-class and the aristocratic-bohemian palate at the same time. It is sometimes a happy accident.

In this state of literary affairs, a writer who speaks neither for the optimistic middle-class nor for the cynical aristocratic-bohemians is necessarily a lonely figure. The mass of the workers in America is middle-class in outlook. The revolutionary workers for whom Sinclair speaks are few. American readers do not know what "revolution" means—and wish to be protected from knowing.

The American literary class, whose business it is to tell them what is going on in the world, is seduced by the cash-payments of the magazines and the movies, or else is too discouraged and nerveless to formulate its protest against anything powerful enough to strike back. Capitalism, attacked, can strike back. That lesson was well learned after the publication of Upton Sinclair's *Jungle*. When the "muckraking" magazines were deliberately put out of business or brought up by big Business. But "life" cannot strike back; so it is permissible for American writers to malign and defame "life." That is the extent of their courage.

While this condition lasts, a writer like Upton Sinclair can only by accident, despite his tremendous gifts, occupy an important place in American literature. But how long can this condition last? How long can America prosper, enthroned triumphantly above the wreck of pre-war Europe, insolent in her riches and power, able to kill foreign-born workers at her insolent pleasure, to show the world how little she cares for the world's opinion, the world's horror or the world's hate? Not forever. And when the volcano has commenced its eruption, Americans who have been accustomed to talk of "Wops" and "Hunkies" will have to accustom their ears to the strange sound of the word "proletariat." The strong middle-class religion of silk stockings, fur coats, high-class automobiles, expensive restaurants, pretty lingerie and organized sports, and the cowardly aristocratic-bohemian counter-religion of romantic pessimism about "life," will go together into the twilight, the destinies of mankind will again be a fit subject for American fiction and Upton Sinclair, who has almost alone, in this period of middle-class triumph, remained aware that our prosperity was founded upon a sleeping volcano, will be recognized as one of our greatest writers. Till then he will in spite of everything, be looked upon in America with suspicion. For he believes something which America does not dare to believe—in revolution.



—by William Gropper

A Peace Conference, I Ask You ?
Or a lot of cannons and boloney?



—by William Gropper

A Peace Conference, I Esk You ?

Or a lot of cannons and boloney?

UPTON NEVER LAUGHS!

When Upton Sinclair comes to New York I note that he has just got a book off his mind. He comes to see his publishers, and check up on the final proofs before the book goes to press—to see it through.

At such times (especially in the evening after dinner) he stretches himself out on a bed, or sits with his arms swinging back over a chair, and talks leisurely (anyway that's the way he talks to me), listening as much as he talks, if not more.

There are radicals, so susceptible to humor that they sway with you in a kind of laugh-fest, but not Upton.

He is not without humor as some critics have said, but he smiles indifferently at jokes or humorous incidents. I would say that he doesn't take humor seriously.

I spoke to Mary Craig Sinclair about Upton's calmness, and said that every time I had met him he appeared so un-fretted for one who had led so many attacks and stirred up so much enmity among the "better classes."

"Well," said his wife, "in the first years of our marriage—you should have seen him when he was writing a book! O, my! In the morning before breakfast! He would tell me the next chapter! and the next! Enthusiasm! Indignation! O, my! A few years ago I had to have an understanding with Upton—that until breakfast was over I simply could not listen to his torrential flow of thoughts!"

When Upton comes to town his hotel room is totally surrounded by indexed envelopes. When a book is coming out or he is collecting material for another one—he travels with his envelopes.

In these are his data: names, chapters, everything checked up to be referred to for the final make-up of his book.

Upton Sinclair knows that the hounds of accuracy look over his books for mistakes. If they find one name in a four hundred page book spelled wrong, for instance, a Mr. Browne spelled Brown, he is sure to hear that old platitudinous criticism: "If an author is careless about one fact he must be careless about all of his facts."

I have made several sketches of Upton Sinclair's striking profile. I have also made covers for some of his books, notably *The Goose Step*. But aside from the personal contact with a likeable human being—I want to say that Upton Sinclair's critical survey of the Church, Press, Colleges and the Arts was a job that had to be done, and who could have done it better, who could have done it with such flaming ease and have done it more thoroughly and honestly than Upton Sinclair?

ART YOUNG.

SINCLAIR'S ONE HANGOVER

Upton Sinclair's "Oil!" is the clearest analysis that I have seen in literary form of the relation between American business and American politics. Of the literary value of "Oil!" I cannot judge. As a piece of pamphleteering it is superb.

Upton understands the movements of social forces. He knows how the separate events in the social process fit into one another. He can see the pattern as it coheres, and he dares to write about it. So far as I am aware, there is not another internationally known American literary figure of whom this can be said.

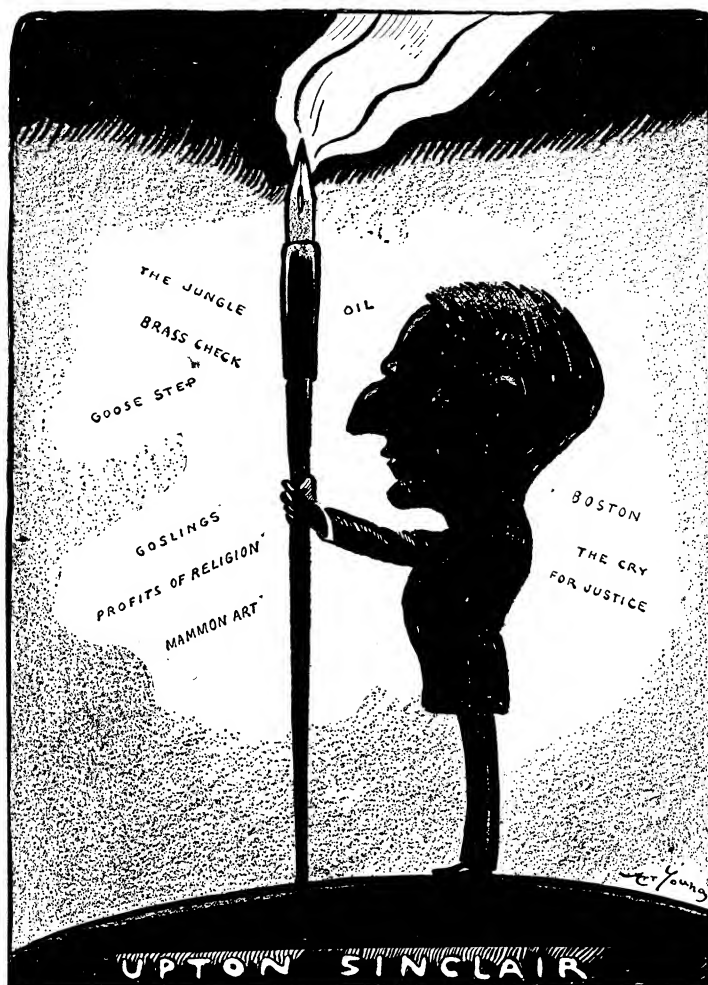
An exception to this generalization should be noted in favor of Mike Gold and possibly of John Dos Passos.

Upton has one hang-over. He still lends his name to the Socialist Party. How he can understand the game as well as he does and keep from signing an application blank for membership with the Communists is beyond me. But on this point there will be no quarrel.

Upton works incessantly. In the last thirty years he has turned out a prodigious amount of copy. And all the time he has kept on fighting for the thing he saw and believed in.

It is a great record. Other literary folk have gone respectable, soft, useless, and grown rich and mentally fat. After a generation of literary achievement, Upton is still up and coming, he is always on the job. Here's hoping that among the New Masses contributors and readers there may be at least a half-dozen artists who are prepared to do as much for the New World Order as Upton Sinclair.

SCOTT NEARING.



The Torch!

A UNIQUE SOCIALIST

As a champion of liberty Upton Sinclair is unique in this country. He doesn't fool with phantom liberties. He goes straight to his heart—liberty for the working classes. Though he stands above political movements, he is, unlike most professional writers, never aloof from the real struggle. He has thrown a white light on capitalist privileges where the average man saw its outlines only dimly. It is small wonder that he appeals to the rest of the world as the leading exposé of our shams; and it is small wonder that such uncomfortable truths appeal so little to his own countrymen—so infected with the dope of prosperity, success and "democracy."

And, by the way, Sinclair is almost unique too in being a Socialist who is still a revolutionist.

ROGER BALDWIN.

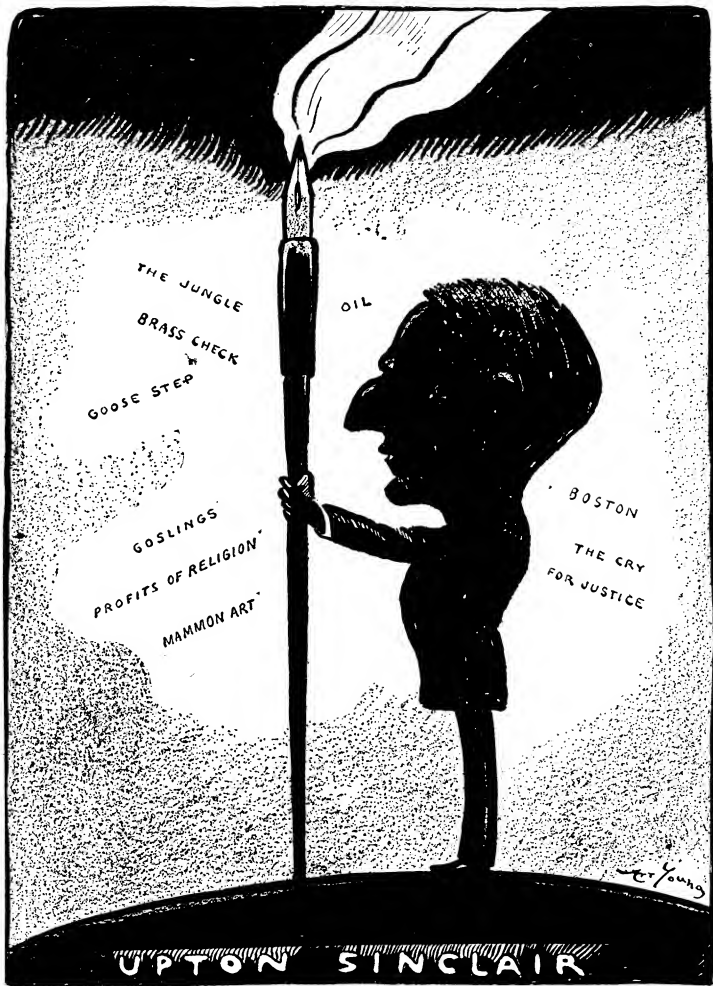
AN UPPER CLASS PROPHET

UPTON SINCLAIR, it seems to me, occupies in international socialistic literature the same position as that of Sinclair Lewis in Bourgeois American literature. That is to say, he has been the great pioneer in popularizing and expressing in simple terms current ideas of social criticism, and in demonstrating that these could be the basis of a popular fiction.

I say socialist rather than Communist deliberately. Mr. Sinclair has never professed to be a Communist, and it would be as unfair to him as to Communism to attempt to rate him so. Like Bernard Shaw, he believes in the conversion of individual members of the upper classes to socialism, and the theme of his novels is often progress such as that.

In "Love's Pilgrimage" he has shown his ability in handling a more purely personal theme; and in all his books, his frankness, earnestness, and sincerity are qualities to which the whole left wing literary movement is in debt.

ROBERT WOLF.



The Torch!

[3 SOVIET SNAPSHOTS: 1928]

By CLARINA MICHELSON

In the yard of a cotton factory in Moscow there is a bronze tablet. It has a list of names engraved on it. It is dedicated to the workers of that factory who were shot in the 1905 uprising.

A few yards from the tablet is the building which houses the Factory Committee rooms. This committee of 100, elected by all the workers of the different departments, looks after the interests of the workers from day to day. It is subdivided into smaller committees,—the Protection of Labor Committee, which sees that the ventilation and lighting are good, takes care of accident prevention, and in general protects the workers' health. The Wage Conflict Committee is in charge of all situations pertaining to wages. Then there is the Cultural Committee which conducts classes and debates and arranges excursions to the country, to museums and to other factories. It runs a newspaper and is in charge of all the cultural work of the factory.

Nearby, on a hill set in some trees is a house, formerly belonging to the owner, now a sunny nursery run by a woman doctor. One hundred and sixty children, of two months to three years, are taken care of here all day, while their mothers are at work.

As we walked down the hill, groups of workers were coming out of the Factory Committee rooms. They had been in to report which two weeks they wanted to go to the Rest House in the Crimea (belonging to the factory), for their vacation—absolutely free, with free railway tickets, and full pay. They tramped out and went back to work, joking and laughing as they passed the bronze tablet. 1928 walked by 1905.

* * *

Three Georgians in Tiflis asked us to a party one evening. "But first," they said, "We want to show you one of our clubs." It was on the outskirts of the city, and belonged to the street railway workers. We entered a large and beautiful park. There were flowerbeds and fountains. An orchestra composed of workers of the union was playing before an audience of several hundred. An outdoor moving picture attracted other hundreds. There was a restaurant and a library. A large building held a hall where the dramatic group of the union put on plays, where debates were held and lectures given. For sports there were tennis courts, ball grounds, and row boats on the river which bordered one end of the park. On the other side of the street four large stucco buildings had recently been put up by the union, apartment houses for the workers.

"Now," these railway workers said, "we must eat and drink." As soon as we were seated around the table, shashlik, salad, wine and bread were ordered. "Make it especially good," they said, "because we have some visiting American friends here.— And now we must choose a toastmaster." In Georgia, guests are highly honored and the duties of hospitality are considered very great. In many part of Georgia the guest is given a horn to drink out of, so he is unable to set it down till every drop is gone. And at every

gathering, no matter how small, a toastmaster is elected to conduct the ceremony of eating and drinking.

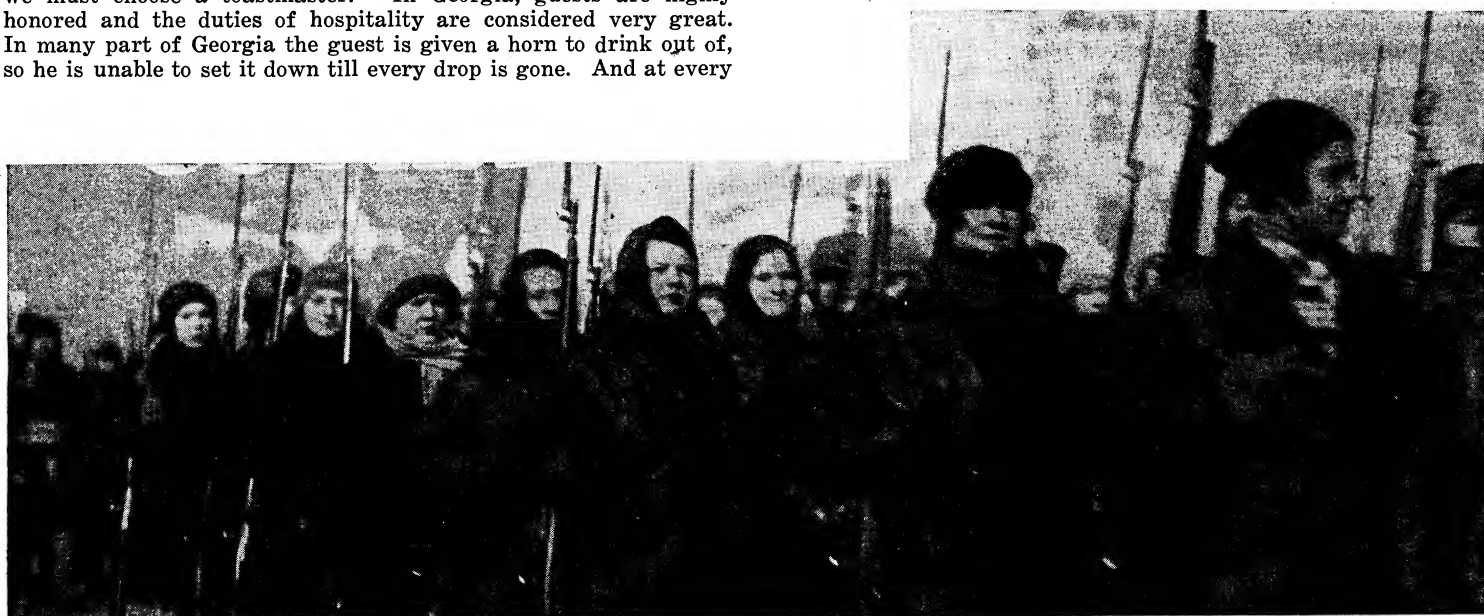
When the food and wine arrived our toastmaster filled our glasses—fortunately not horns—stood up and made a very graceful speech in honor of one of the visitors. Everyone drank. A little later he again made a more courteous and gallant speech to the other visitor. Another round of drinking. Then toasts were made and drunk to the two citizens of Tiflis who were present. At this point some one said that he felt that the numerous virtues and good qualities of the toastmaster should be mentioned. This was of course considered most reasonable by all, and another drink was knocked off.— Well, that's how it is in Georgia.

* * *

We got on the train at Moscow for a three-day trip south. We were traveling "hard"—that is third class, and there were 12 or 15 people in our car. Almost as soon as the train started, everyone was talking to everybody else. Then some one began untying a string and unwrapping a bundle. Out came cucumbers, tomatoes, some cold meat, some eggs, a package of sugar, some plums, a big loaf of bread and a tea-kettle. This started the rest. When our fellow-passengers saw that we had not brought food with us, they pressed it on us—"You must eat. We have too much. And how is America? Is it true that every worker there owns his own automobile? At the next station we will have tea. And how do you find things in Russia? We understand many lies are told about us in other countries,—that we have not enough to eat, and that we workers and peasants here are not contented. Have you heard such things?"

Pretty soon a song was started and the whole car joined in. At every station, peasant women and girls in gay kerchiefs offered roast chickens, loaves of bread, pickles, hard boiled eggs, fruit, fried fish—all kinds of food for sale. Everyone in the car rushed out, bought something or filled his kettle with boiling water at the station. Then back to the train to eat some more.

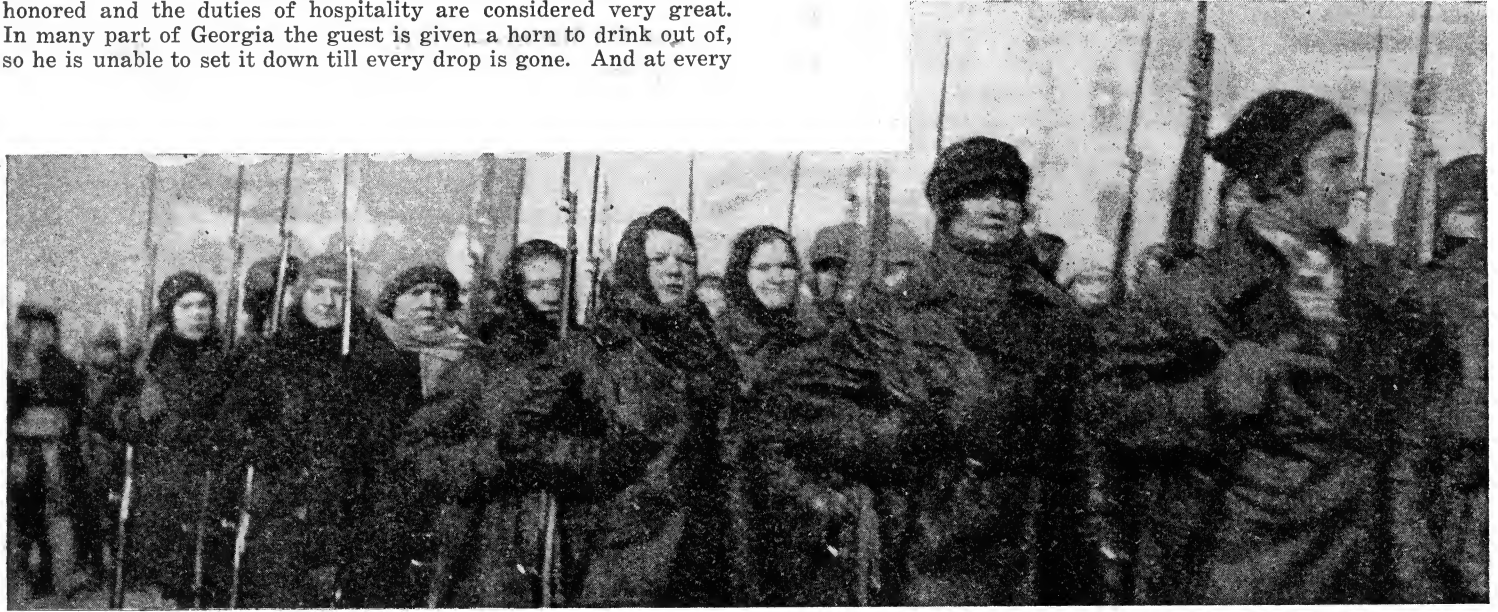
These Russians seemed to us the most kindly, generous and hospitable people we had ever known. As one big, bearded peasant started to roll up and tie up his numerous bundles, he said: "Is this your first trip to Russia? Won't you get off at the next station and visit us. We would like to show you our village. You may not come this way again. No? Well, good luck, the best of journeys to you and a safe return home." After handshakes all around, he came back and said, "Good-bye again. And when you get back to your country, tell the truth about us to the American workers."



SOVIET WORKING WOMEN

They Volunteer, like the men, to defend with their lives, the First Workers' Republic. There is no need for professional militarism in Soviet Russia

"because we have some visiting American friends here.— And now we must choose a toastmaster." In Georgia, guests are highly honored and the duties of hospitality are considered very great. In many part of Georgia the guest is given a horn to drink out of, so he is unable to set it down till every drop is gone. And at every workers."



SOVIET WORKING WOMEN

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drawn by Gropper

Two Million Children Work in America

SOVIET CULTURE: 11th YEAR

"How does the 11th Anniversary of the Russian Revolution differ from the 10th?" Well—among other things it marks a big push forward on the cultural front. Some of us were present at that 10th Anniversary a year ago. We remember how in describing the program for the coming year the speakers would make the need for progress in culture come resounding to us from the amplifier: "We have triumphed on the Revolutionary Front in 1917, on the Civil War Front from 1918 to 1920, on the Economic Front since 1921. The time has come for fresh triumphs on the Cultural Front!"

Well, of course, the USSR has always had to fight on a lot of fronts at once. This fight for a new culture, if you wish, dates from the Revolution itself, or even, if you insist, from before the Revolution in the writings of the Bolsheviks. But since the November celebration of a year ago, I have watched in Russia for nearly a whole year the increasing rapidity of the advance on the frontiers of Ignorance, Illiteracy and Superstition. The very books, written to sum up the recent months, have shown a thoroughness of scientific scholarship and statistical documentation far surpassing the earlier outputs. This is the heavy artillery which they have been bringing up to the battle line—but there are plenty of other weapons being used. The novels, the poems, the plays, are all better made today than during the first ten years.

Take the drama as typical. That is the sector I feel most at home in. I saw 187 different plays in Moscow last season. I think that's a record! There was something worth while in all of them. A year ago everyone used to say: "Russia has the best theaters in the world—and the worst playwrights!" But now not merely the régisseurs, and the scene-designers, and the actors, but even the poor devil dramatists there are doing good stuff. The whole series of plays done to celebrate the 10th Anniversary has developed a new type of revolutionary play. At first, immediately after the Russian Revolution, the Russian Revolution itself was something too near and too terrific to dramatize. The so-called revolutionary plays usually went back to revolutions in ancient times such as that of Spartacus, or to earlier Russian

revolutionists, like Rasin and Pugachov for their subjects, or else to imaginary revolutions like the "Mystery-Bouffe" or the "Destruction of Europe." Now at last this stretch of ten years has given the proper perspective and plays dealing with the Russian Revolution itself like "Power" and "Break" and "1917" or movies like "October" and "The Fall of Saint Petersburg" have powerfully dramatized the ten-days-that-shook-the-world. Other plays, too numerous to mention here, have put before us the various aspects of the Civil War and the various problems of the New Economic Policy and of the new social order. Every theater in Moscow has had at least one of these new plays—the Right and the Center group of theaters as well as the Left.

Not only this, but there has developed among the theaters a New Left—not the Artistic Left of Meyerhold and Tairov and the "Lev" writers, Mayakovsky, Tretyakov, and Co., but a sort of Labor Left:—the Moscow Trade Union Theater, the Theater of the Revolution, and the Proletcult Theater. Here during the last year has grown up a new type of Revolutionary Realism, unlike either Expressionism or the older Zolaistic Naturalism, but influenced by both. Not always a very polished performance perhaps. But these are the shock troops who have made some big drives since the 10th Anniversary.

This new movement in drama and parallel movements in other forms of literature and art and science are of course only on their way. There will have been a still greater advance all along the cultural line when we come a year from now to celebrate the 12th Anniversary.

Yet already one can begin to see that even more important than The-Ten-Days-that-Shook-the-World are The-Eleven-Years-that-Built-a-New-World.

HARRY DANA.

ARE PEOPLE IN RUSSIA HAPPY?

In Czarist Russia, street life was negligible. One wondered where everybody was in the sense, I mean, of the general population. It is true there were always plenty of students of both sexes strolling along the streets and boulevards with their books. And as youth cannot be crushed, they were gay enough and vivacious. Then the familiar figure of the Krestian was everywhere. He dressed as he dresses today, in his sheepskin coat turned with the fur in, his heavy long concertina-looking boots and a fur cap even in summer. He rarely looked happy. Downtrodden, dirty, ignorant—I still have a vision of the Russian peasants clumping along ill-paved streets by the side of their shaggy thin horses, or standing in groups near the dramshops or leaving their ancient wooden carts by the highroads that led to the country outside the town. And the contrast was the well-dressed officers and closely furred women who drove around in smart carriages drawn by magnificent Orloff horses. Women of the aristocracy rarely walked and never appeared in rich garments in the streets. They reserved these for their homes.

And there were beggars everywhere, and innumerable young children, ragged and filthy, who seemed to belong to nobody. The priests especially in the villages, were very poor and consequently almost as dirty as the peasants in their too long dirty soutanes, their big matted beards, girlish-hanging hair and stupid often mean faces. This souvenir of girlhood in old Russia remains with me.

Today the change is remarkable, even though still far from perfect. A Russian crowd is unique and street life is utterly changed. Are the busy folk thronging the streets and boulevards of Soviet Russia happy?

If happiness means intelligent activity, movement, a steady enthusiasm, desire for education, thirst for culture, knowledge of what's going on in the world, then Russia, in its planning of the new society, is happy. There's plenty to be done still; there are still beggars and dirty priests, and young children in the streets, and drunkenness. But these problems are now the problems of the people themselves and it is for them to take charge of them.

Today the streets and boulevards and sunny beaches of New Russia are alive with workers who walk with firm tread, clear eyes and handsome bodies. The good-humored crowds give the impression of a promise of a new life—of youth, beauty and a culture that the Russian masses—nay, the masses of any country of the world—have never known before.

MARGUERITE TUCKER.

NOVEMBER, 1938



drawn by Gropper

Two Million Children Work in America

IN FOGGY CALIFORNIA

By MICHAEL GOLD

It was in 1923-4. I had "escaped" to California to write a novel. New York is too noisy for continuous thinking. It is a machine that grinds the mind to powder. It is a battlefield. But I soon discovered that California was a hospital. Take your choice; the subway or the bedpan.

Here are some extracts from a diary I kept in exile:

July 4—San Francisco is a very foggy city filled with people who insist that the sun is always shining. They are obsessed with climate. I never knew the weather could be so important. Maybe it is—.

July 10—Another Session with George Sterling, Upton's friend. We went drinking around. He is a wonderful, generous chap, but shot to pieces, like so many California intellectuals. About one in the morning we passed an apartment house in construction. George stopped to curse it.

"The realtors and Babbitts have captured our Athens, we are Greek slaves at the court of the Roman barbarian, etc.," he shouted. Then he lit a match and tried to set fire to the house. I stopped him. It is trivial to hate apartment houses.

It has little to do with revolution. George loves these large fierce gestures, like all poets. He yanked out a big pocket knife, and said, "Mike, let's find a Babbitt, and stick him for fun!"

July 30—My dentist used to be secretary of the I. W. W. miners' union at Goldfield, Nevada. He led a big strike. Now, after ten years in California, he produces ectoplasm, and tells me he can project his body anywhere he wants to.

He is not eccentric in this. In New York, the middle-class "intellegentsia" follows Freud, Heywood Broun, the Theatre Guild, and Bernard Shaw. Here two out of three have intimate affairs with spirits, or use the ouija board.

August 5—Fremont Older, editor of the S. F. Call, for whom I am working, does not believe the human race has any future. Everyone is predetermined by glands, Mr. Older says. This man was once a hard-boiled fighter who exulted in political battles and reform. Now he has been licked, not by glands, but by California.

August 9—Save your soul! Eat raw food and rap tables. Met three today.

August 12—Went with a gang of newspapermen up to Jackson. Six months ago 50 gold miners lost their lives there in the Argonaut mine disaster. The Chamber of Commerce feels the publicity was good for their lousy little town. They want to keep it alive. So they threw this party for the reporters.

The car I went in was an old circulation speedster, driven by a jolly drunk. It burst into flames half-way up the mountains, but the driver didn't notice till his pants caught fire. We threw in some sand and pushed on.

Mark Twain's country. Poker Flat, Angel's Flat, etc. . . . The Chamber of Commerce gave us a swell banquet. Liquor in buckets. Then the Mayor got up and started a solemn publicity speech from the heart. But the newspaper gang was too drunk to listen. One Irish cub, about twenty, as snotty as they come, called the Mayor dirty names all through the solemn speech. This broke up the publicity party. All dignity went to hell. The Mayor tried to throw the kid out, but our gallant lads leaped bravely to the rescue. And all night they howled up and down the main street, smashed windows, etc. . . . What a dud for the C. of C.! They'll celebrate no more miners' funerals. They'll trust no more newspaper bums.

August 15—Met a hashslinger in a one-arm lunch, who wore a Communist button. Talked to him, and found out he is a Christian Scientist too, and believes Communism and Mary Baker Eddy are twins. This is too much.

August 19—Lectured last night in Oakland. Could not hear myself talk for the snores of my audience. Deadest audiences in the U. S. Worse than Finns.

August 25—George Sterling phoned an S.O.S. this morning. I went to his room in the Bohemian Club. This is anything but a "bohemian" club, it's an exclusive, expensive barroom and hangout for all the big bankers, politicians, society bums and Satevepost

"authors" of the town. To Hell with them! George lay white as an Easter lily in a fake-antique bed. He wore plum-colored plush pajamas. He was quite sick; his voice a whisper. On the floor lay a mass of dollar bills. I looked at them.

"There's five hundred dollars there," George groaned. "Take it away Mike! I won't need money any more; I'm dying, dying!" He was suffering from a bad hangover. He once told me his father died of cancer brought on by drinking. George has a fear he will pop off in the same way. I talked him out of the obsession. But I couldn't talk him out of his philosophy of life. Even now, he argued it out lucidly. George believes the universe holds more possibilities of pain than of pleasure; that this ratio has been fixed through eternity, and that nothing can change the balances, no revolution, no human effort of any kind. I told George his philosophy was personal and emotional, not scientific. It was not statistically demonstrable, and was therefore a dogma of faith, like Catholicism. He groaned, and repeated his own arguments. He told me to please take the five hundred bucks. I am broke, but being a gentleman, took only fifty, and left. Some Babbitt had given George the roll. They do it for him on drinking parties. They like him.

September 2—George has the elements of a genius. He has written a few great poems. He was nationally famous twenty-five years ago. Now California has ruined him. He writes Elizabethan rhymed ads for the Chamber of Commerce; is a kind of poet laureate of the city. The Babbitts patronize him, and he lets them. He feels financially inferior to them; this is the secret of his pessimism. He looks like Dante, and is one of Upton Sinclair's oldest friends. He was Jack London's best pal. He gave me a purple necktie yesterday that Jack London had taken off his own neck at a party and with it had tried to strangle George.

September 10—Why does everyone here talk only of Jack London, Ambrose Bierce and Robert Louis Stevenson? Why does everyone yearn so much for the glorious saloons of the past? This state is a middle-aged bourgeois, its tone is that of a Mencken article. It has chosen a cowardly and comfortable bourgeois existence, but regrets its flaming youth.

September 23—I have found a few congenial reds to hang out with. You need to, anywhere, to feel right. Delivered my "famous" lecture on Social Tendencies in American Literature last night, at the Workers' Party hall. Afterward went to the beer-hall run by the German comrades. They cater the best beer in town. It is magnificent. And then had this fine evening with five swell guys.

1. Bill Rourke; former petty officer in U. S. Navy; then became president of waiter's union; now a Communist. Has a hearty laugh, is a born gambler, a fighting fool. "The only woman I ever loved was a Kanaka belle; she had lips like boxing gloves."

2. Joe West; born and bred in the cattle country; an ex-cowboy. Lost a leg hopping freights. Now an oxy-acetylene welder and Communist. Friends only recently induced him to part with his six-shooter. Whenever he'd get blue, he'd take his gun for a walk, fill up with German beer, and shoot up a street-car. Fremont Older got him out of two bad scrapes.

3. Gus Schmidt; 45, pock-marked, bald-headed, jovial machinist, once helped dig a tunnel to rescue Alexander Berkman from the Pittsburgh penitentiary. Ready to dig another for any comrade in need of one.

4. Sidney McGowan, 76 years old, with a wrinkled face like an ancient Indian chief. Spent three years with Agassiz in Mexico; served in the U. S. army; did a hundred other interesting things. Now a janitor by day; a fiery Communist at night. Drinks beer with the boys after the meetings, smokes his big cigar, cocks his black sombrero. They call this 76-year-old fighting cock "The Kid."

5. Louis Lasitis; tailor. Spinal trouble has twisted his neck, and shortened his big frame by a foot. But game as ever. A wide reader in economics and philosophy; likes to argue, and can. Active Communist. Keeps about fifty canaries all around his tailor shop, and breeds them. Has some amazing stories about his canaries.

We talked until four in the morning. It was fine to meet some witty and pugnacious people in this gloomy state. Boris Pilniak; the Russian writer, said: "I am with the Communists, because in all these years in Russia they have been the only group to feel hopefully about life." Same here.

September 26—In intervals between newspaper work, I have worked for a year on a novel. Today I tore it up, all but one chapter. It is no good. I will start another, this time dealing with the I. W. W.

September 29—Upton Sinclair is coming to Frisco. He has been putting up a splendid fight for the I. W. W. in their San Pedro strike. He has brought the strike into the newspapers. He was arrested and held incommunicado for a day. He will be given a dinner here.

October 1—The Sinclair dinner last night. Mostly tired Californian radicals. Toward the end I began seeing ectoplasm and the ghost of Minnehaha hanging from a chandelier. Upton spoke on the San Pedro strike. Told about the way the American Legion gunmen poured boiling coffee on a striker's child. Told about his own arrest.

October 3—Upton invited me to join his friends on a visit to San Quentin. We talked to Tom Mooney and Matt Schmidt, the latter mixed up in the Macnamara case. Schmidt is the kind of prisoner who dominates his guards by sheer personality. Stands erect and magnificent in his prison suit like General Pershing leading an army. Tom Mooney is a big, magnetic Irishman. Most prisoners try to hibernate, put their minds to sleep, but Tom reads everything, and has never lost touch. He asked me many questions about writers—Carl Sandburg, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, and so on.

After this visit Upton had a conference with the Warden, and made an eloquent plea for the I. W. W. boys, thirty of whom are in solitary. The Warden promised to do something.

We visited the death chamber, read the last greetings of condemned men scrawled in pencil all over the walls. Also saw the line of ropes hanging in another room, weighted with sandbags. They have to be seasoned a year before use. The 12 crimes aren't committed yet; but the 12 ropes are ready.

Dr. Stanley, the prison doctor, proudly showed us pickle jars containing several hundred stomach ulcers he has cut out of convicts.

Then we drove south, and had lunch in a meadow. Upton Sinclair ate a whole apricot pie. "I never eat pie," he said briskly, "it is really poison, but today I shall have an orgy."

Then we visited Luther Burbank, and found him a feeble old man with a transparent face of pure kindness and intellect. He promised Upton without any hesitation to write the Governor asking that the I. W. W. boys be pardoned. He is quite radical, in his kindly and innocent way.

Reflections on Upton Sinclair—1928

Sinclair is a surprise to all who first meet him. One expects to meet a solemn bearded Tolstoy, but finds instead a brisk American youth who is quite a star at the game of tennis. He is boyish, looks fifteen years younger than his age. He has the shiny complexion of one who makes sure of a cold shower and rubdown every day. He has bright twinkly eyes; they are paternal, naive, the eyes of a cheerful country doctor, or of a daring theological student.

He is never relaxed. I don't think he has ever deliberately done a useless thing in his life. When he decides that he needs relaxation, he carefully plans for his fun in the blithe spirit of Henry Ford planning a new carburetor. His intense singlemindedness seems to me quite American; Roger Baldwin, Robert Minor, Scott Nearing and others I know have the same trait. They play uneasily, as if doing it by a doctor's orders.

But he really is charming. He believes everything everyone tells him. He is incapable of imagining baseness in other people. He beams hopefully on the world, like a child the night before Christmas. It is not sentimentality; it is the poetry of William Blake. But he tempts you continually to fool him; you want to sell him some gold-brick or other, just to teach him a lesson.

When you say something he doesn't want to hear, he goes quite deaf, and his bright eyes go blank. He draws into himself; you must stop hurting him, or boring him. Like most intense people, he is easily bored. It is a trait of the high-powered American; Roger Baldwin and Robert Minor suffer from this kind of deafness, too.

Along with his naivete goes shrewdness and strength. Upton



drawn by Wm. Gropper

American Drama Critics at Work

is the perfect incarnation of the small town American. He has all the faults and virtues of that environment; Puritanism, a simple conception of life, a democratic love for people, a passion and need for crusades, and a sturdy realism about his own business affairs. The sophisticated critics don't understand him, because they don't understand America.

But he has a touch of the fanatic. This is what makes him different from the millions of other Main Streeters. The critics think he is a Puritan, and therefore a man like William Jennings Bryan. But he is a Puritan, and therefore a man like Robespierre, or Thoreau, or Percy Shelley. It is this extremism which makes him hate pie for decades, then suddenly gulp a whole apricot pie in a Californian meadow. It also keeps him a lonely, stubborn Socialist writer for thirty years in a hostile land.

He is hard to explain. At times he irritates you; he seems so self-centered, so unaware of others, so completely an ego. Many people have this impression of him. It is a false impression. He is only as egotistic as the rest of us. But he has not learned what every ward healer knows; how to drape the social lies around one's naked ego.

He answers hundreds of letters every week, from people who want advice. He helps all kinds of people.

He really loves people, and wants to help them. But you get a feeling as if he doesn't quite understand them. He must have been hurt badly in his over-sensitive and difficult youth. He is shielding himself against the real bitterness of life. Like most poets, he doesn't want to admit to himself that there is a well of baseness in people. Upton prefers to overlook the dirt in life. And so he makes his heroes too perfect, and his villains too villainous.

He has a rigid Mohammedan code for himself. But he is as loyal to his friends as a gangster; even when everything they do shocks him. He was the friend of George Sterling for over 25 years. George, the esthete and romanticist, used to say Upton was a mystery to him, yet he loved Upton. When Upton was kidnapped and held incommunicado in the San Pedro strike, George was mad with excitement, and planned to take a train down at once, to rescue Upton at the cost of his own life.

He works. His whole life has been narrowed down to a stiletto point; he is a writing-machine. Nothing else matters. He keeps two secretaries busy; he keeps his body in a chair twelve to sixteen hours a day, and writes novels, plays, articles, manifestoes, for the Social Revolution. I wish I were like that.

His Writing

Every literary youth just out of Harvard, every mamma's boy with pressed pants, and stacomb hair, and one of papa's checks in the bank, has written at least one superior article in the New Republic, pointing out the stylistic shortcomings of Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill.



drawn by Wm. Gropper

American Drama Critics at Work



drawn by Gropper

Prince of Wales Visits Africa

Valeted by British Labor Party, Empire Builders!

Those delicate orchids who thrive in the hothouse Dial, think they know everything about life, the revolution, America, the arts, women, and *style*. They are real roughnecks; they have read Tom Jones, by Fielding, and the roaring Elizabethans. They have seen life; they have been to Paris.

Upton *has* faults. He has too successfully deodorized his mind. I do not object to what is called his sentimentality. I prefer it to the sentimentality of Cabell, or Mencken, who weeps over beer, or Sherwood Anderson, or Ernest Hemingway. I would rather feel "sentimental" with Upton about the sufferings of Red Adams, the I. W. W., or Jimmy Higgins, than with Hemingway and the young "moderns" over the bedroom tragedies of a futile drunken aristocratic bitch in Paris.

Upton has written forty books about poverty, the class struggle, the revolution. And everyone of them is written with passion, observation, and a smooth beautiful skill that reminds one of Defoe, of Dickens, of Tolstoy, all the giants of fiction whose pens flowed with large, easy grandeur.

But in all these books there is a faint trace of the Protestant minister that I can't enjoy. It is my only quarrel with this great writer. I do not relish these easy victories of virtue. There is nobility in the revolutionary camp; there is also gloom, dirt and disorder. The worker is not a bright radiant legend like one of Walter Crane's Merrie England peasants. The worker is a man. We don't need to edit him. Let us not shirk our problems. Let us not rob the worker of his humanity in fiction. Not every worker is like Jesus; there are Hamlets, Othellos, Tom Joneses and Macbeths among them, too. And I prefer this variety of life to abstractions.

And I will confess my own obsession; I dislike pictures of cheerful and virtuous poverty such as Upton often draws. Any one who has been really poor during a life-time becomes a little morbid, if he has any brains. Like a stoical life-prisoner, he doesn't want cheery church ladies to come and comfort him. If he can escape, he will do so; that is all that counts; the rest is bunk.

Upton wears Number 11 shoes; he has big feet made of clay, but the rest of him is quite superhuman. He is the best known American writer in the world today. American writers marvel at this, but the answer is easy. Upton, with all his faults, has one virtue; he knows there is a class struggle in America, and writes

about it. Europe and Asia read him to learn about the America that counts, the workers' America, not the America of murder trials, boudoirs, and snappy stories.

Yes, bourgeois critics say Upton Sinclair is not sophisticated. One Bachelor of Arts recently made the heinous charge in the New Republic that Upton had never read Watson's book on behaviorism. There are many other crimes. But it all comes down to this; they don't like him because he takes the social revolution seriously.

They can understand dead revolutions, and dead revolutionary writers. They can "place" the revolutionary writings of Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Emerson, they can overlook the lack of style and "behavioristic" psychology in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

But Upton has written a long string of novels, some good, some bad, in each of which one finds the same faults, and the same virtue, and necessity, and revolutionary usefulness of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

He is our only pioneer writer since Whitman. He is the bard of industrial America.

"Our" sudden wealth has brought with it in America a parvenu cynicism and smartness in "our" literature. Upton, with his social passion and muckraking, is out of fashion with the American "intelligentsia." I think he feels this. He has really been neglected in America and faintly sneered at for twenty-five years. He has felt it. But he writes every day. He persists. He is one of few giants among a scramble of lapdogs. He works on. His very persistence in America is an act of faith, and a form of genius.

George Sterling told me Jack London did not really die of natural causes, but killed himself with an overdose of morphine tablets. Jack did the wise thing for him. He had been defeated by the American environment. He was a success, and had to earn \$40,000 every year writing Hearst slop. This money was needed for a show ranch, a string of saddle horses, and other means of impressing week-end parties of Babbitts. Jack got to hate himself, and his false bourgeois life; then he tried to hate and forget his splendid proletarian youth. He drank like a fish and tried to drown his revolutionary emotions, his real self. Result: suicide.

There are many suicides in California, many more than in New York.*

But Upton Sinclair will never dream of such a thing; he is too busy. He is too useful. He drudges on; a Christian steam-shovel scooping up great mucky chunks of American injustice and dropping them in Coolidge's front parlor.

He persists. He is a great man. He is always beginning.

P. S.—There are thousands in America who cannot forgive Upton Sinclair for going over to the capitalist enemy in the last war. It was the biggest mistake of his life, as he admits now; but he has staged a comeback that to me is convincing of his pure and passionate loyalty to the working-class cause. This does not mean he may not fall for the next war, due about 1940. It is certain the Socialist parties of the world will be butchering each other again for their respective nations as bitterly as in the last war. There is as little desperate sincerity in their anti-militarism now as there was then. It is true they utter brave manifestoes; but in Germany their party votes for new battleships; in England their party bombs native villages in Irak. They do nothing concrete about the coming war; they act only to help its coming, it would seem.

But I have never understood Upton Sinclair's politics. I will repeat, despite everything, he is our great American pioneer in revolutionary fiction, he is, to my mind, the most important writer in America.

*George Sterling committed suicide about a year ago, in San Francisco, after a night spent in conversation with H. L. Mencken.

GROWLING NEAR LE MORTE HOMME

The "Y" goop gazed at the blood-drenched hill,
The hill that creaked with its thousand dead,
And blatted "Lord Jesus rejoices to-night
For the homing of souls long coveted."

I thought of wives who eyed creaking doors
For the loved forms of young men home at last,
Of the kids who leaned from the dormer's edge
And entreated "Come, Papa!" as each shadow passed;

And I held it a shame to disappoint
Lord Jee by his door that never shuts,
Though wives might wait till the Sun cooled off—
So I drove my knife through the "Y" goop's guts.
GEORGE JARRBOE.



drawn by Gropper

Prince of Wales Visits Africa

Valeted by British Labor Party, Empire Builders!

POEMS

By Herman Spector

SONG

*what is good, is good in this world, despite city,
despite bruise of the frail sensitive,
despite autoblare, jazz, nightclubs, movies.*

*what is good, i see ever, men being poetic
heroes among the mass, movement of life.*

*you will listen long to the city, a symphony
by day and nightscenes, in sun and dark.
low, melodic, spring-songs albeit stinking
of money-lust . . . albeit local, closeby.*

*no fancy bigtime boulevardier now,
alnewalking, through streets and streets
the up-town jumbled places of a dream
i say . . .*

*there is more than strikes the eye, strange perspectives
(although i live nearby,) the ever-recurring
mystery of lascivious, twisting streets.
sadness of forgotten places, and the incident*

*of neverfathomed humanity, living, being poetic,
heroes, the mass itself, in movement, grand
rhythmic in large measure,
exquisite in small . . .*

*twisting, torturing ever; alnewalkers.
them as see things, them as feel, by day and
nightscenes.*

new-york is a grand town, symphony listened-to long . . .

P M SKETCHES

HUDSON STREET

*in automobiles fly guys ride, softly
slowly, along slum places
seeking a bit of the cheap exciting stuff.
a cold golden half of moon is in the sky.
some searchlight spots the dark from end to end.
this is the very west helldevil part of town
at the very worst, most sinister time.
I loll, and shoulder the stone, mouthing a butt.*

TRUCK RIDE

*at night,
the smooth surface of streets
millions of precisely shining lights
a boozefighter sprawling . . .*

*have you ever ridden atop a big truck
going through a dead town at 2 a. m.?*

*its lone buzz
a businesslike warmth
where all is cold, and dead.*

WANDERING JEW

*let me look into the faces of coming-home-from-party janes &
their guys.*

*let me peep into parks, where the black grass and bends is.
so late it is, I should be home asleep,
yet my bones itch with evening.
so I walk, I shall never be tired
and I shall never know rest:
but rather chilled, eager
neurotic in passion
endlessly walking . . .*

*and at last a blackness of death:
the glitter in my eyes shall cease.*



drawn by Louis Lozowick

AUTOMATONS

*In the cool, grey dawn:
Hundreds of hurrying people
Leaning on the wind,
Hanging on straps—
Sad, silent faces
Crowding and jostling,
Hurrying . . . hurrying.*

*An old man hurries into a restaurant,
"The same old thing, Mat," he orders;
"Butter two," shouts the waiter,
As he draws a cup of coffee;
Hurrying . . . hurrying.*

JIM WATERS.

ANN McGUIRE

*Ann McGuire
Was an old sweetheart of mine,
We worked together in a factory
And on hot summer nights
We used to sit on a pile of lumber
In the lots across from the Greek's,
Eating ice cream cones
And dreaming about the future.*

That was a long time ago

*Last night I saw Ann;
She was hanging on the arm of a dude
In front of a cabaret.
She wore an evening gown
That glistened like an August sunset,
And the color of her cheeks and lips
Spoke of a new occupation.*

JIM WATERS.



drawn by Louis Lozowick

A LETTER *from* UPTON SINCLAIR

Dear Mike:

You ask me to tell your readers what life means to me at the age of fifty. Well, it means a lot. I am having a very good time. I am, I believe, the happiest man I know. (Knock on wood!)

People meet me, and they know I have written a great many books, with a lot of pain in them, and they see me looking not so old nor so haggard as they have imagined, and they ask me how I do it. I have been accustomed to answer that I live on hope. I meant that for a joke; but the new science of the glands indicates that I was nearer right than I realized. The doctors now measure the secretions caused by pain, anger and fear, and urge their patients to have something interesting to do, something they really believe in, and that inspires them with enthusiasm and courage.

I have always had that something. I was brought up a good Christian boy, and then I transferred my ardors to the Social Revolution, with no interval of pessimism and disillusionment in between. I haven't seen my hopes realized in America; but I have had a few satisfactions. For example, in 1907, the German Kaiser barred a book of mine in which I told the truth about him; and I have enjoyed seeing him move into Holland. I have been able to understand and respect the Russian revolution, in spite of all the horrors and the blunders—which I understand are inevitable to any revolution. I have seen one tsar, a sultan, and three emperors—Germany, Austria, and China—move on; and I expect to have more of this sort of fun before I die. In spite of all discouragement, knowledge is advancing, and filtering down to the masses, and the people are becoming conscious of their rights and their powers.

I attribute a good deal of my personal happiness to certain peculiarities which have been a cause of much merriment and some annoyance to my friends. I do not use coffee, alcohol or tobacco; and this makes me such a wet blanket and kill-joy at social evenings that mostly I stay at home and read good books and try to

write them. I will not take space in this place to argue that coffee, alcohol or tobacco ever do anybody any harm. I will merely assert that, except in medical emergencies, they don't do anybody any good, and they cost a lot of money. If I could persuade the workers of America to adopt my eccentricities in this respect, we should have a bigger campaign fund than either Hoover or Smith, which would mean that we could elect Thomas or Foster, or both.

As I say, I am having a lot of fun. My principal vice is overworking; but I fight valiantly against it. No play in the world interests me so much as my work; and I have had this much success—that I have asserted and won my right to do it in my own way, with no censor except my wife. And if I am supposed to draw any moral or preach any sermon on this anniversary, it is as follows: get something really important to do in the world, something bigger and more permanent than your individual self, and then lose yourself in it. That is the way to get happiness and satisfaction out of life, and the only way so far as I know. Individually we don't last very long—at least not so far as appearances go; but humanity stays, and according as it is wise or ignorant, will it be happy or miserable. According as you can be certain that you are helping to get knowledge and spread it, can you feel that you are useful, dignified, or even excusable on earth.

Of course you have to use good judgment in choosing your cause. If you devote yourself to teaching that we live inside the earth—as one religious sect teaches—I don't think you will get much sense of achievement as you go on. But on the other hand, if you will join with the NEW MASSES in trying to banish poverty, parasitism, wage slavery and war from the world—then I think you may reasonably hope to see that you have accomplished something before you pass on. Anyhow, that is the hope I live on.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

THRESHING MACHINE BLUES

By WALTER F. BARBER

I have been working on a farm down in New Jersey. There are a lot of farms down there, but I chose the one that had the most automobiles and the fewest cows. I don't like to milk cows, and I do like to drive automobiles. The farmer, however, thought I was better fitted to work on the threshing machine so he hired me out to a man by the name of Bill, who was doing the threshing for the community.

I slept upstairs, in a house that must have been at least a hundred years old. It was funny going to bed by lamplight and getting up before dawn. Every morning about four o'clock the farmer got up and went out to do the milking. He had milking machines, and when he started the engine that ran them you could hear it all over the county. Then he would drive the cows into the barn and curse each one of them individually. During the intervals between the chugs of the engine, I would hear the farmer cussing and the whack of a club coming down heavy on a cow's ribs. This prevented me from hearing the birds, if there were any. I've always heard that birds sang prettily in the early morning, but I've yet to hear them. Anyway, I would lie and look at the ceiling from four o'clock until five, when I was called, and watch the dawn sneak in through the window.

We would eat breakfast by lamplight, and then Bill and I would get into the Ford and drive to whatever farm the threshing machine was at. Bill had a crew of seven men, most of them Italians. One of them was a lad of fourteen, a skinny fellow, too tall for his years and weight. We called him "High-pockets" and Bill gave him the dirty work because he was a willing cuss and didn't know any better.

My first day on the threshing machine was easy. Bill took pity on me because I was a city feller, and gave me the job of sewing sacks after they had been filled with rye. I went through that day without noticing much, but the next day I began to look around. Poor old "High-pockets" was put to feeding, shoving rye in the mouth of the machine that gulped it down as fast as he could shove it in. The wind blew that day and the rye was dusty, and before lunch time "High-pockets" looked like Santa Claus covered with snow. It was hard work and the kid stood there wheezing

and sputtering, trying to keep the dust out of his throat, and I felt sorry for him. He ate dust and hung on until his eyes got red around the lids, and he was breathing heavily through his mouth. Bill would walk around occasionally and ask the kid how he was getting on, and the kid would grunt a reply which Bill didn't understand and didn't want to understand. About lunch time I could see that "High-pockets" was nearly done for so I called Bill over and asked him if he didn't think the kid should be relieved. Bill said, "Naw! I'm payin' the kid, ain't I? If he can't do the work let him quit."

When the machine stopped at noon I wandered off into the field with the kid and we sat down under a tree to eat lunch. He looked peaked and drawn around the mouth, but he wouldn't admit that he was about done in. We sat there eating our sandwiches and I asked him if he felt that he could stand the afternoon. He whimpered a bit when he thought of it but said he guessed he could if the wind didn't blow. I knew he couldn't and when Bill hollered at one o'clock I went over and told him that I would feed in place of "High-pockets." Bill grinned and told me to go ahead so I got "High-pockets" to show me how it was done, tied a handkerchief around my neck and climbed onto the platform.

The old threshing machine began to roar, and the Italians on the stack began to shove bundles down to me. I stood there with a knife, cutting the strings and poking the rye into the hog's mouth that was always empty. Pretty soon I felt chaff creeping down my back and mouldy dust making its way into my nose. I opened my mouth to breathe and it got filled with chaff and dust. Then my arms began to ache and I yelled at the wops to let up, but they kept on shooting the bundles, and the mouth continued to be always empty. There was no stopping, and in about an hour I was just going through motions. I was dizzy and my lungs felt as though they were crammed with concrete. I stuck it out until three o'clock. Then Bill came around and I made him understand that I was through.

That night when I went back to the farm, Bill told the farmer that I was no good on the threshing machine. After supper the farmer and I drove into Burlington, and then the farmer went home alone. Poor old "High-pockets".

A LOUSY JOB—By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

We worked for him for \$2.75 a day and carfare. Between him and us a constant warfare raged. He was, without doubt, the most despicable boss I ever worked for—and I have worked for some pretty bad ones. He had the lean, disgruntled look of a chronic dyspeptic, with at times a sneaking, dirty-looking sort of grin that was worse than his scowl. His name was Simpson and his business that of distributing advertising matter from door to door for various merchants who could be inveigled into paying him from \$4.00 to \$5.00 a thousand for such service. Only he didn't render the service. Any one with half an eye can see that there would be no profit and only lots of hard work in distributing advertising leaflets from door to door even at \$5.00 a thousand. No; that's where we come in. We were a nondescript lot, down at heels and out at elbows, and could be hired to put the "matter" out, not at \$5.00 a thousand but \$2.75. The difference between those two figures constituted his profits—sweated out of us; but as I said before we were a nondescript lot, without much spirit, eager to cut each other's throat for the inestimable privilege of humping a bag of leaflets up one street and down another. In the morning (at six-thirty; there was always hell raised over the guy who came in any later and often he would lose his chance of going out) we would drift, fifteen or twenty of us, into the "office," a dreary looking loft on the second floor of a wall-bed building. Simpson was seldom there himself. At that hour he was home and in bed. His foreman, a fellow by the name of Blackie, did the dirty work; and believe me there was lots of it to do. Blackie got paid a few cents extra for parcelling out the work, and toted a bag every day. He was a good-natured overworked son-of-a-gun buying a home on the installment plan, with a wife who worked, and seven kids to feed; so he stood for more than any respectable punching bag ever would have stood for. What the men hadn't the nerve to say to the boss they said to Blackie; and what the boss hadn't the nerve to say to the men he said likewise. Everybody had a chance to work off steam but this poor goat—and perhaps he took it out on the folks at home.

We men who toted the bags were different in ages, looks, heights, and general degree of cussedness, but we were all alike in one thing, the ability to lie. Let the moralists and other such fry make the most of it they can, the fact remains that you couldn't tell the truth and work for Simpson. I have heard men bemoan the fact—men with their feet on the ground and their dirty shirts open at the throat—more eloquently because more sincerely than any preacher. "Jesus," said one of these stiffies simply, "but I hate to have to do it; it kinda goes against the grain to do it all the time. But what you gonna do?" Yes, what were you "gonna do?" If you stood up straight and said that you couldn't put out a thousand leaflets day after day (up the steps, mind you, and right under the door), then you were informed that he would get someone who could. It was useless to say that nobody could—and keep it up. When a man wants to work badly enough he'll swear he can do anything. When you see a guy fired because he tells the truth, then you figure that telling the truth ain't all the preachers laud it up to be. With a steady income, maybe; but with a job to hang on to. . . . And it didn't take a Philadelphia lawyer to figure out that Simpson didn't want to hear the truth. In the first place he lied to get the contracts. He swore to give service it was humanly impossible for the men to perform. When you simply throw out advertising matter on doorsteps you are lucky to be able to throw out one every thirty seconds, two a minute, a hundred twenty an hour; but when in addition to that you are requested to climb steps, insert circulars under the cracks of doors, or in door-knobs; in short, to make them fast so they won't blow away; then you ask for something little short of the impossible. This Simpson knew; but he also knew that profits didn't lie in cutting routes or telling the truth to the merchants; so he lied to them and we lied to him; and taking it all in all, the whole outfit was a fine gang of liars. Whom the merchants lied to I will leave to the imagination.

Among the regular fellows, those of us what had what passed for steady employment, the methods of "getting by" varied. Some men went thru their routes in a hurry, "papering" here and there; others took it easy, worked conscientiously from seven to three or four and then quit with whatever was left, taking it home or hiding it in various places. There was a "come-back" in doing this, of course. Often bundles of circulars were found in places where they had no business to be. One big official of Mutual Chain Stores sat in his car on one of the drives in Lake Meritt Park in Oakland and watched a fellow named "Old George" hide five hundred Mutual circulars underneath some bushes. As an aftermath of this expose we listened to a lecture delivered by said official on the iniquity of being dishonest, the crime of accepting money for doing a job that was never done. "Do you think," said that fat boob with a touching tremor in his voice, "that I would be where I am today—where by honest work you have the chance of being—if I lied, took money under false pretences?" Needless to say nobody interrupted him.

* * *

A favorite method of Simpson's was to send the men out double. That is, to have them distribute two different kinds of circulars, a thousand of each, over the same route. This increased the men's loads—a Rocky Mountain Canary would have balked at some of these loads—and meant longer stops at each house; yet the men were supposed to finish the same day. For this extra work the men used to receive two dollars. This was later cut to one-fifty. Instead of hiring another man—they were always to be had, poor devils—for \$2.75, why not be a good business man and save on expense and increase on profits? Now the merchants themselves objected to this procedure. Not for any humane feelings towards the men, but because they felt they weren't getting the service they had paid for when the men doubled. So Simpson lied to the merchants. He signed solemn contracts with various firms, not only not to send their stuff out double, but not to distribute the circulars of rival firms during the period of handling theirs. The men were warned to be "careful," to deny to any questioner that they were working for him, when handling rival circulars. This was exactly the same Simpson who had over his desk the engraved motto, "After all, if you don't give good service you won't last."

Handling election matter was a source of much easy profit—for the boss. Much of this kind of advertisement was contracted to distributors at as high as ten dollars a thousand. At those times we went out with our bags not doubled, but trebled. On those occasions we were told to "do the best we could." We did. If some of us had done any better we would have been taken to the morgue; for strange as it may seem many of the men walked themselves to a frazzle trying to do the impossible. And the joke was that those were the men always in trouble, always being bawled out. At the fag end of the day, worn out from walking, they would stoop to "throwing" a few. The wind would blow them, somebody would pick them up, and oftentimes the boob needed a new job. But with us wise guys nothing ever blew. We put ours securely where it could never blow . . . never. But the sight of honesty in constant hot water was hardly conducive to honesty. The guy who wrote that it was the best policy never worked for Simpson.

* * *

One of the gala occasions to look forward to was pay time, Saturday afternoon, four o'clock. At this time the unwary were taken to task, the wicked chided, and the ungodly urged to mend their ways or seek a new meal ticket. It was funny to see us all sitting in semi-circle, with wooden faces, listening to a lecture on truth-telling, faithfulness to one's employer, mixed in with a treatise on hard-times—not for us but for him. While he talked those behind his back made faces and vulgar gestures, while those in front kept solemn looks on their mugs. After it was all over he would drive home in his new Studebaker, and we would walk. . . . We thought of that while he ranted and ranted. It was old stuff; it always ended the same way. "After all," he'd wind up, "if you don't give good service you won't last."

AS A DOCTOR SEES IT—By DR. B. LIBER

Visiting the Striking Coal Miners — Consultations

Beaten up by the State police two weeks ago, Romano does not complain. He only "wants to know whether his knee will always hurt him."

Bruises still cover his entire body and streaks and scars are visible in many places.

"Yes, they were five; they caught me on the road, dragged me five hundred yards, beating me all the time. I was bleeding from everywhere, but especially my nose and mouth would not stop. I said they had no right, I was just walking near my house. And they said, What do you think, you are in Europe, you God damn But that is nothing. At the same time two other murderers in uniform got a hold of my wife who was hiding in the bushes behind the house and knocked her down, yelling, Tell your son-of-a-bitch of a husband to stop picketing the mine. And ever since both she and I have become really active building up the union. . . . Well, Doctor, what do you think about that knee?"

Greg and his wife are showing me their crippled ten year old boy.

"Why did you neglect that until now? It is too late. It has become incurable. Should have been attended to years ago."

"Yes, I did tell the Company Doctor and he promised to take him to an institution in the city, but he never did. I also went to my priest and to the town Squire. They all promised—but what do they care for a poor miner's child? And I can't bother these gentlemen so much."

"Why didn't you go to the city yourself to find out?"

"How can I? Who'll look at me? and me busy with my work. Until two years ago I was working in a non-union mine. I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning, and, after I entered the mine, it took me, underground, over an hour to reach the place where I was working. And then I used to lose lots of time with the slate—You know, they don't pay for that, it's piece work—so much real coal, so much money, that's all. And I went home at seven in the evening—and all I made was twenty to twenty-five dollars a week. What the hell could I do with a large family? In the evening I was dead tired and on Sundays I could hardly move."

"How about your wife?"

She answers:

"I am always busy with the house and the kids. This is my seventh alive—and three are buried."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-eight. . . . But, say, Doc, by the way, if you find an institution for my child, don't write me. The Postmaster here is the superintendent of the mine and he may not give me the letter—that's the way they act toward the strikers. I'll come tomorrow to the next town where you go."

An old man of 75, with deeply established wrinkles, going down from around his eyes toward his cheeks like the roots of ancient trees—the only aged man over a wide area.

He has not been working in the mine for years, but he is encouraging his son who is a striker. He speaks of "revelation"—instead of "revolution," and "organation"—meaning "organization."

He is complaining of "pains in the stomach" and he offers his own explanation:

"Of course, if you eat potatoes only for days and days—and sometimes bread only—and you're glad to get it! If there ain't enough, we give it to the kids and we eat nothin'!"

Adds a one-legged man, a victim of a mine accident:

"What do you want? Eggs? Milk? Fruit?"

Everybody laughs.

In a single man's room the entire floor space is taken by irregularly placed bundles and old, broken furniture.

"That's nothing, Doctor. You can jump over it. I am keeping the junk of another man who has no room. I am always scared

ever since I was buried alive in the mine for three days. But that was not so bad in comparison to what has happened to me now. Of course, it's not much, but it hurts like the dickens and it scared me stiff again. I am foolish. Nobody else would pay attention to that."

As he undresses I see the entire skin of the chest and abdomen in a lamentable condition—an enormous burn.

"How did you get this?"

"It was this way. Last week I found a little work. I worked for a guy here—a wealthy man—fixing his private road. When I was through, I went to him for the money. 'All right, he said, come in here, into the garage and I'll pay you.' I had a cigarette in the mouth and he, making fun of me, took a hose and splashed me with gasoline over the chest until it took fire. I'm trying to bring him before the judge, but these guys can do anything they want with us now."

Children playing in the mud

"Are you making a garden?"

"No, we're makin' a mine. This is two tons of coal."

Their clothes are horribly torn. Some of the older children carry their young brothers and sisters. One is playing with a tame crow who has been a member of the family for years—a sort of living piece of coal, sharing the hard bread of the strike with all of them.

I have to see a little boy with a bad toe, an inflammation produced by wearing too big, miserable shoes, coming from the relief office.

His mother does not allow me to sit on the bare bench. She spreads a newspaper over it and yells in her most polite way: "Get up! Troppo rough!"

His father engages in a conversation about the strike and conditions in general:

"It aint we, it aint' the Italians who go to work in the mines. It's the Poles who scab—and they say it's the Italians. If all stick together, be good. . . . We all must loin to strike when we're yet kids. Yes, chillen must loin in school to read and write, but they must loin somethin' of workmen too. But workers damfools, don't teach chillen nothin'."

Says a neighbor, mixing into the conversation:

"Some of us are so stupid, they don't even know who is the President of this country." And he spits out abundantly, as he is chewing tobacco.

"Why should they know that?" answers another. "Who the hell cares? I don't know the Goddam name of that here sheriff! It's none of our business. There's some guys who know nothin' else but politics! Foolish!"

One man tells me about the steel mill where he was once a laborer and a girl describes her work in a cannery.

The next day I visit both the Pittsburgh Heinz factory and one of the Carnegie steel mills.

At the mill hospital I see the injured workers—skins with burns, infected joints, amputated fingers. A new patient arrives:

"What is your number?"

"Sixty-seven nothin' nothin'!"

And 6700 has just received some foreign body into his eye in such a way that there is almost no doubt that he'll lose it.

The Doctor shakes his head toward me.

Meanwhile in the mill the molten masses are poured, the ingots are travelling, millions of sparks spring into all directions, the heat is suffocating, the flames light the sky spasmodically.

My guide, a cheap employee is giving me wonderful details:

"Yes, here we make rails—yes, we have our own coal mines—and you see how nice the Company is—those injured men are not neglected—see the men taking care of the toilets? They are fellows who've lost an arm or an eye or something like that?"

At the Heinz factory I saw thin, slim, weak, fatigued, pale girls working extremely fast, sitting on bad seats without backs, putting in olives or pickles in bottles, pasting labels, in an overhead atmosphere loaded with vinegar smell and mustard fumes that made my eyes tear and my nose run.

But the pretty advertising booklet the clerk gave me said: "The health of our workers is always in our mind—One must see the cheerful faces of the men and women who work there, and note the pride they take in performing their tasks—Employers and employees form but one happy family."



Kalenin, the Soviet Premier

He is eating dinner with his family in Moscow. The old peasant women in the kerchiefed head is his mother.

Theodore Dreiser on the Elections

Dear Mr. Dreiser:

For what Presidential candidate do you intend to vote this year? The New Republic is asking a small group of men and women who may fairly be called intellectual leaders to express their preference, for publication.

Dear Mr. Bliven:

The candidates offered by the major political parties make no appeal to my sense of what at this time is either nationally wise or valuable.

I regard Hoover, for instance, as little more than a hall boy for American corporate powers whose national and international wisdom halts sharply at the corporate profit line. Rightly or wrongly, as this thought runs, the corporations must earn enormous, even lunatic percentages. And this government must be made safe for them. As for Mr. Smith, he is at once head and foot of Tammany Hall and a Catholic. More, he is corporately speaking, as unobjectionable as Mr. Hoover. Wall Street, possibly because he is a Democrat and a Catholic, views him as second best, but, a fine second choice. Yet, as the dictator of Tammany Hall, he cannot honestly assert that he does not sanction its low political ideals or methods. Nor can he be ignorant of its vile political history. Next, as a Catholic, he writes himself down as an individual whose major moral and so political actions are to be viced by those whose loyalty is to an earthly organization which seeks to dominate all governments and whose animating motive is by no means pure and undefiled spirituality but power. Worse, the Catholic Church is today as ever openly and aggressively against the human mind as a changing and developing organism. For fifteen hundred years it has sought and still seeks to either crush or betray intelligence and trammel thought. Yet Mr. Smith has publicly written himself down as an uninformed adherent to that organization, taking his religious and therefore his social and moral convictions and so his private as well as public conduct from those who believe that the human mind is to be trained and controlled by the Catholic Church. I beg to differ and reserve my enthusiasm for some individual who in a better day, I hope, will put the advancement of the human mind first—that of any dogmatic religious organization last, and who, I trust will be politically too wise and humane to ally himself with an organization whose history is one of scarcely unmitigated corruption and outrage. I refer to Tammany Hall. This great and fumbling nation needs most of all an honest and capable thinker who can lead—not a magnetic and so enticing leader who cannot think.

I am, with my compliments,

THEODORE DREISER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Dreiser's logic is all right: why doesn't he carry it to the ultimate conclusion? A vote for the Workers' (Communist) Party is a vote against the forces represented by Hoover and Smith.

Sinclair's "Flaming Youth"

It seems incredible that Upton Sinclair is on the threshold of his fiftieth birthday. I still think of him as one of our "flaming youth;" and imagine that I shall so continue to think of him until his course is run. He has the gift of eternal youth within his mind and heart and that's the reason why so many of us love him.

I must leave to others a just estimate of Upton Sinclair's literary achievements, but I desire to record my conviction that the future will remember him as one of America's greatest writers. This judgment of the future has already been anticipated by the judgment of the contemporary world.

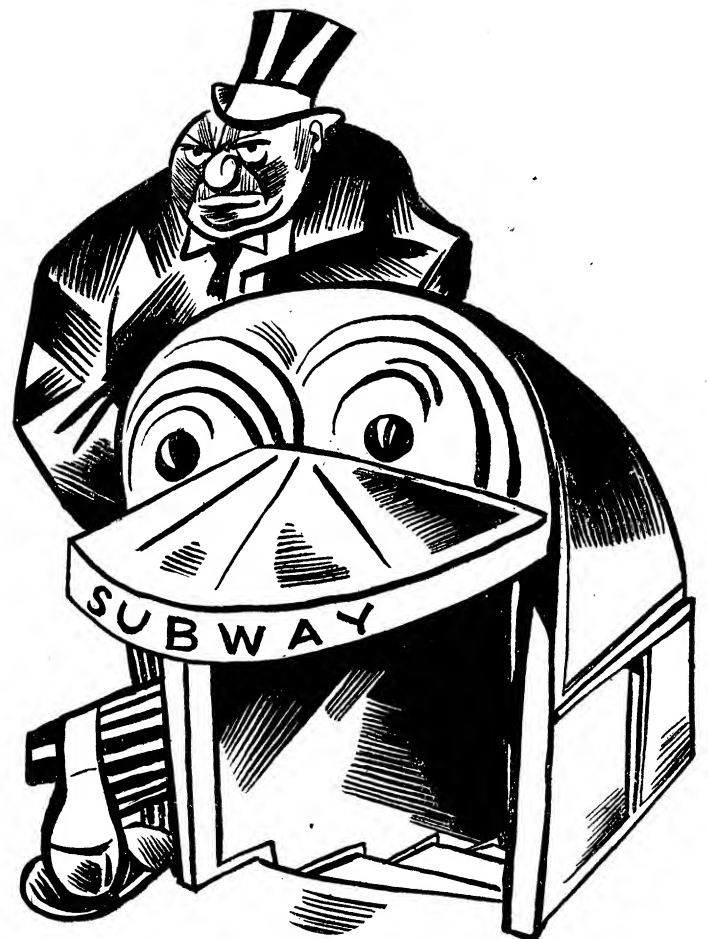
May my contribution to this symposium in Sinclair's honor be a tribute to his inspiring leadership in the field of social idealism. Sinclair is more than a great author—he is one of the immortal prophets of the commonwealth of man which is some day to be established on this patient and long-suffering earth. Sinclair's literary genius combines with his humanitarian spirit to give him a place of unique importance and glory in our time. It is in this sense that I regard him as the greatest pamphleteer since Thomas Paine. May Sinclair long be with us, and to the end may that flaming pen of his continue to kindle revolutionary fires in the hearts of men.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

STILL LIFE

Our airplane, about a quarter of a mile high, is poised directly over the state prison. Around the circumference of the whole scene are patches of woods. A gray road points straight from the prison walls to the horizon on our left. Another gray road points diagonally from the prison walls to the horizon on our right. The whole thing looks like a clock-face which says eternally to the sky, "It's ten minutes after nine." The only place where time stands still—outside of a graveyard—is a state prison.

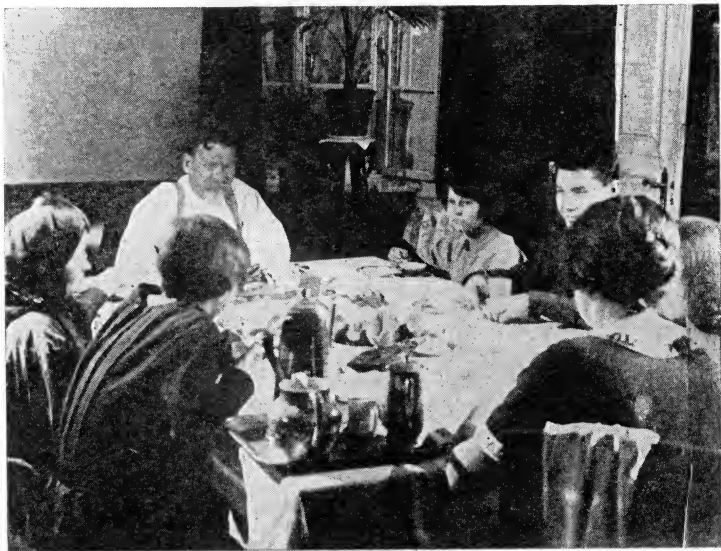
CLARENDON ROSS.



The Real Murderer

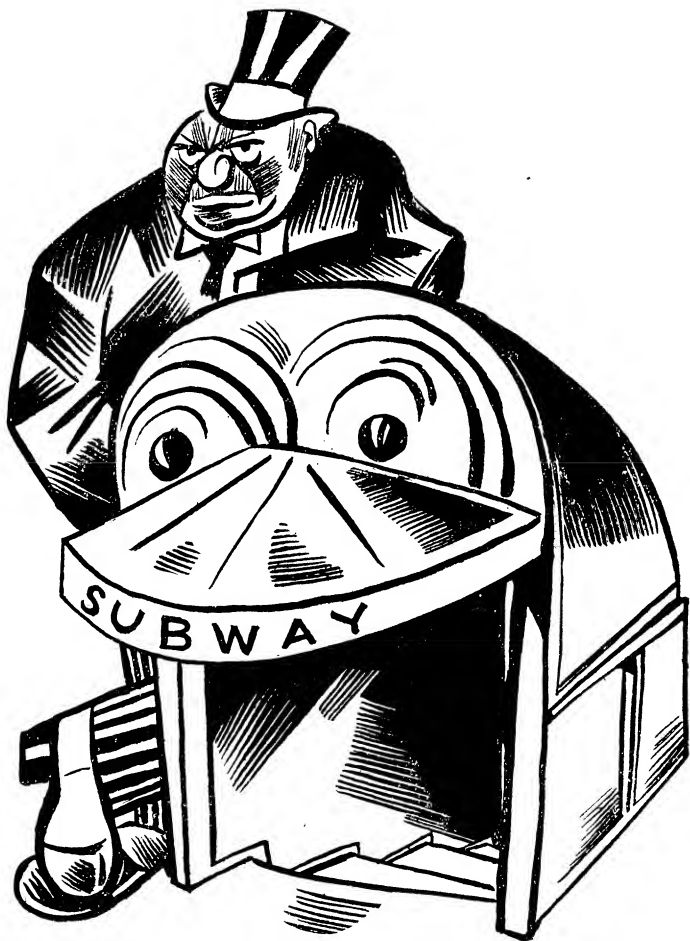
The Big Profiteer is to blame for the N. Y. subway disasters, but what official would dare to indict him? And isn't it easier to indict a \$25 a week signalman?

NOVEMBER, 1928



Kalenin, the Soviet Premier

He is eating dinner with his family in Moscow. The old peasant women in the kerchiefed head is his mother.



The Real Murderer

The Big Profiteer is to blame for the N. Y. subway disasters, but what official would dare to indict him? And isn't it easier to indict a \$25 a week signman?

POEMS

By Martin Russak

THE CANDLE

My mother was born in a Jewish village
On the bank of the Vistula
And reared in the city of my father's birth
In the bitter heart of Poland.
My father fled his land, a rebel,
A familiar of scourgings and jails.
My mother, a rebel and a rebel's betrothed,
Crossed the frontier by stealth at night
And wandered long in the German lands
Homeless, alone, unknown.

And so I was born, how strange, how strange,
In the city of many tongues
And came when a baby in arms and remain
Rootless and restless in the city of silk.
My father's father was a weaver of silk,
And my father was a weaver of silk,
And I too am a weaver of silk by day,
But a weaver of words at night.
And both are strange to me, both are strange
And I speak in a tongue that is not my own,
A rootless and restless stranger.
Tell me, my dear, my only friend,
Dim candle sadly burning in a flask,
Who am I? What am I doing here?
The candle, it gutters and dies.
The candle, it gutters and dies.

BOYHOOD FRIENDS

Wherever I go in the city
I see the beloved faces
Of boys once my playmates
Who ran with me, shouting,
On the cobblestones of the street.
Now they walk on the pavements.
Silent, very strange,
In mannish clothes and airs,
Bewildered, they know not why,
Cheated, they know not how,
Of all their boyish dreams.
New boys, very strange,
Run with their dreams, shouting,
On the cobblestones of the street.

FACTORY WHISTLES

Whether it rains, whether it shines,
Or frost chills or heat burns,
Whether the eyes fail and the limbs
Slacken, or the blood chafes
With longing obscure and mad;
Whether death removes, whether revolt
Surges and calms again,
The whistles call and are obeyed, the looms
Hunger and are given food.

GO TO THE ROOTS

Think not, weaver, to escape
Alive from the coils of your bondage.
You shall go down the years
Weaving and leaving unwoven
More silk than you ever wove.
Think not by labor and luck
Having climbed to the world of masters,
To escape from the coils of your bondage:
Deep, deep are those coils, reaching
Beyond you to each of your fellows;
Far, far are the ends of those coils;
Not in flight is there any escape,
But in tracing them through to the ends,
But in tracing them out to the ends.



THE DAY MUST COME

The song of whirring spindles,
The song of plying shuttles,
The song of ascending smoke,
Is dumb and will not sound
Till the girls whirr the spindles,
The men who make the smoke
Master the purpose of work,
And gather the fruits of work
For nourishing the joy of work.

WHY I SANG

One who passed me as I was singing at my work
Sighed enviously and muttered:
"The happy wretch, he sings at work
That twists men's hearts awry."
Little did he know that I sang,
Not from exuberance of spirit,
Not from craftsman's joy,
But only to sustain my flagging courage.

SYMPHONY OF STRENGTH

The beating of a million voices
Surges through the city of stone.
It is caught—held—and quivers
In a storm—impending, colossal,
Strong, gray skyscrapers shoot their magnificence
Into the sky—
Black, powerful sky of night
Skyscrapers—massed force
Holding strength in their structure of stone
Squariness—spreading and sucking space
Into their being—through the thousand windows
Like the tentacles of an octopus.

This is the mind of the mass
The mass breath—the mass force
Impending—collecting—uniting.
The deed has blown life into the idea
The hammer has swung life into the sketch
The clashing of cymbals—the roar of the machine
In the structure, breathes—
The breathing is power
The power of the mass—caught—unbroken
Like the raised hammer, about to strike
Like the clenched fist, about to hurl
The breath-power sweeps its greatness on high
And holds its strength—gathering
Impending strength.

HELEN KOPPEL.

NEW MASSES



HIGH HAT GODS

*Grinning at men their smirky smiles,
lifting their noses high in the air.
And Mother Mary bending there!
Mother Mary with a stove pipe hat;
Angels in frock coats, imagine that.*

*They number the dusty, musty pews
And collect ecclesiastical dues.
They build a house and close its gate
Where Lazarus and the others wait
For silver thrown from the limousine,
And beggars cry, Unclean! Unclean!*

*Those gods can't live out in the snow
Where silly people come and go.
But there is one whose garment hem
Men want to touch; he stands with them
With only one low word to say
After the gods have gone their way.*

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

HANDS

*Hands are alive with tell-tale faces.
Thin, vibrant hands like trembling martyrs
Short, dammed-up hands like peasants
Hands to tear and hands to build.*

*I sit in the trolley and look
Men's hands that have lifted buildings
And pulled down lives.
Woman's hands that have caressed and torn
And passed over babies' faces.
The hands of children are doves that have not learned to fly.*

*Stop and look sometime.
Hands scare me with their incessant speech.
Talking of living,
Of building and destroying,
Loving and hating,
Sightless,
Groping.*

*Hands in a trolley car are rarely held separate.
Watch and see how one hand holds the other
The fingers of the right hand twisted about its fellow.*

*Hands seem afraid to be alone
In the world that they have made.*

JACOB EDEN.



A Peasant's Hut

LUMBER MILL SKETCHES

By NORMAN MACLEOD

*With disinheritance for a regal background,
this dapperly small gentleman
is a checker for the lumber mill company
by grace of god
and the vice-president—
but he is affable
and after hours he will borrow your money
to get drunk on
while he quotes to you schnitzler
or maybe brooke, for after all
he is a sentimentalist having the background
and present instability gloriously
ignored, to afford it.
Maybe the chamber maid who deifies
his unquestionably sensual personality
with delicat bits of literature
that you or i would not have remembered
or plagiarized
but then perhaps that is spurious
for he had ideals
subordinated to his lust for social
or perhaps more than that experience;
and with bills aggregating how much
for cairo he said,
but it was a gesture,
fatuously announcing his defeat
that is all.*

2.

*An irishman with a sense of humor
is a conventional pattern
but he was only a conventional pattern
with perhaps as variety impotence,
he could gaze upon petty amours
with equability
and even fostered them in others
with a fatherly emotion
if at all—*

*while he bundled her
into the room, he probably
was thinking of the irish free state
that was probably as free as the
united states.*

3.

*He was born to be awkward
and a dreamer, godknows a dreamer they said,
and so with flesh cleaving to his foot
only in places,
they took him cursing to the hospital
that the company furnished
at only a nominal charge and notified
his family.*

*in two weeks
they gave him for the few days after that
they considered him sick
half wages,
and the children pulled through
somehow.*

4.

*The mess-hall
was a godawful wench with odors
steaming from half cooked
vegetables
and too cooked grubby bones;
the scones
would never have recognized a southern
caterer
And the mill whistle
punctuated our desert.*

5.

*And the professor
who was slumming for a vacation
thought how dirty humanity was
and went back to his courses in the fall
to be dirtier himself
in more ignoble ways.*



A Peasant's Hut

BOOKS and AUTHORS

—Edited By BERNARD SMITH

In 1823 a young boy wandered into Nurnberg. Physically seventeen, he was mentally only four. His hands and his feet were soft, as though they had never had contact with earthy things. He was incapable of speech, and could eat nothing but bread and water. But his eyes glowed with a pure and lovely spirit, his gestures were gentle, his manner timorous and trusting, like a child's. One thought of him as a rare human soul, fragrant and tender, unsullied by the world of men.

The mysteries of language were taught to him. Little by little his story was told. As far back as his mind could delve into the past he could remember only of being chained to a bed in an underground cavern, never seeing the light, never seeing a human being, never aware of anything but his chains and a little white wooden horse. Regularly a jug of water and a loaf of bread would be left by his bedside while he slept. Beyond those few unbelievable facts of his existence he knew nothing.

The great jurist, Feurbach, investigated and published his conclusions. He claimed that Caspar Hauser was the legitimate heir to the throne of Baden abducted as a child by a morganatic wife of the prince. Feurbach's pamphlet caused a storm. People rushed to Hauser's defence, others attacked him. He was pulled from one house to another, his tutors were changed, attempts to steal him from the worthy citizens of Nurnberg and Ansbach were made, finally both he and Feurbach were murdered. Caspar Hauser became a legend.

A mad tale. It seems incredible, yet the facts are there. Such an event was obviously made to order for the story-teller Wassermann. He makes the most of it. (*Caspar Hauser*. Live-right. \$3.) But equally intriguing to the author is the history of a chaste soul being maimed and corrupted by bungling, ignorant, stupid adults. The moral is plain: Society is by training and instinct unable to nourish and develop the inherent goodness and purity of the child, for even by kindly people was Caspar mauled and misunderstood, fashioned to artificial conceptions of right and wrong.

Wassermann is an excellent romancer. His novel is a breathless adventure. This is the sort of book you can't put down until the last page has been read. Then when you put it aside, you go out into the street, take a deep breath of fresh air, and forget about it. It becomes just another story, well-written, its supposed significance hazy and ethereal. This is the inevitable quality of Wassermann's prose. He is unreal, even in reality. In time nothing remains of his novels but a pleasant glow of entertainment. He has the peculiar quality of distance in his writing, as though everything is seen from a hill-top. Figures are created in the imagination. Nothing is permanent and tangible. There is no sense of contact. There is only the feeling of someone sitting far above the earth, weaving patterns out of spider-threads.

He regards social organization as a static thing. His tragedies proceed from that premise. When he portrays existent evils he does not write with a coldly critical eye to potentialities for change. He seems to compare a wrong with some metaphysical concept of goodness. This, of course, is the familiar medieval procedure. And Wassermann is that—medieval. He is not a contemporary. He is not alive. He is lost in an endless dream with endless regrets and horrors streaming up from some atavistic subconscious, pouring out into ululating prose. You are entranced, momentarily. You escape from sunlight into a dim chamber flooded with sensuous melody. There is no substance, no challenge to the mind.

I cannot understand the fuss that has been made over Wassermann in this country. There is apparently an entirely different attitude toward him in Germany. He is a good craftsman, a first-class entertainer, and little else. Neither as a philosopher nor as an artist is he to be taken too seriously.

The House of Liveright has an interesting list of books for the fall season. Among the publications promised are Wolfgang Kohler's *Gestalt Psychology*, Art Young's autobiography, and W. E. Woodward's study of General Grant.

It is with more than pleasure that we await the saga of Art

Young's life. It should be a success story, but of a kind rarely told in this country. He has not amassed a million; he has not been an ambassador; crowds do not shower him with ticker tape when he walks up Fifth Avenue. But Art Young has retained through all the exciting years of his career a youthfulness of spirit and an integrity of purpose that are denied most of our captains of industry. He has been honest and courageous. He has earned the respect and love of his comrades. I can think of no greater success.

Since Art's life has been rich with incident, his book should be a mine of anecdote. He has known most of the people worth knowing. If he tells the truth, and Art can do nothing but that, *On the Way* will be sensational. Incidentally, Art includes the history of the early *Masses*.

A metamorphosis seems to have occurred in the Macaulay Company. Formerly the publishers of Elinor Glyn, they have now taken up many of the younger modern writers. Dr. Schmalhausen, V. F. Calverton, Paul Rosenfeld, and the New Playwrights are on their list as well as the American Caravan.

Matthew Josephson's biography of Emile Zola (*Zola and His Time*: \$5) is a praiseworthy piece of work. It is Mr. Josephson's first book, fulfilling the promise apparent in his early sketches and poems in *Secession*, *The Little Review*, and *Broom*. This is not merely a portrait of Zola; it is a record of a great period in French history. Abstaining from quack psychiatry, and depending mainly on the sociological method, the author has written a realistic analysis of a major personality, and at the same time recreated the whole spirit of his age. It should also be noted that this biography is utterly unorthodox in style. Mr. Josephson's prose is clear and lively; there are no turgid passages here; the pace is rapid. It makes excellent reading.

An anthology of revolutionary poetry will be published soon. Henry Reich, Marcus Graham and Nicholas Moskowitz are the editors. It will include poems from practically every country and every language in the world. The project is nothing if not ambitious. I hope that it will successfully fill a long-felt want.

Money Writes! continues the series of social studies begun many years ago by Upton Sinclair. With *The Goose Step* and *The Brass Check* behind him, he steps forward once more to accuse an important cultural group of economic slavery. This time the salesmen of literature constitute his target.

That writers are constrained to glorify the existent order, or at least to refrain from advocating definite change, is not a particularly new thesis. Sinclair's major contribution is a bold citation of instances. He has no compunctions about frankness. During the course of his literary career he has been able to meet hundreds of authors and to learn much about the way they set about earning a living. He has found that practically all write with one eye on the market. His contention thus becomes more than a theoretical concept; by stating facts, by definitely naming and indicting many of the best-known authors in America, *Money Writes!* becomes a sensational accusation. His method enables him to prove his point to the layman.

As pure pamphlet, it is inferior. He has done better. *Money Writes!* (A. & C. Boni: \$2.50) sprawls lazily. It is a little too rich with personal anecdote. Sinclair seems to forget his theme occasionally. His anger cools into regret when he deals with his "dear friends." Furthermore, the implications of his title are not fully exploited.

Sinclair points out immediately that no one believes writers are deliberately bribed to nurse the prejudices of the ruling class. The technique employed is much more subtle. Selection, he calls it. No one can get revolutionary stories or verse published in any of the magazines that pay. Publications owned by wealthy men, prospering from the advertisements of millionaire corporations, will not encourage the rebels. Those who get space and publicity are those who are fairly content with the status quo. Starvation drives out the left-wing; prosperity encourages the yes-

men. Ultimately, the literary group becomes an exclusive club dedicated to the preservation of privilege.

But there is another selective factor in the process. It can be shown that most writers are the products of middle-class homes with middle-class interests. The children of workers' homes are seldom educated. When they are, they have no time for authorship. Our writers are acquainted only with those who own. They have less than an inkling of the lives of coal-miners and mill-hands, longshoremen and lumberjacks. The aspirations, the tragedies, the problems of the proletariat thus have no voices. Sinclair describes artificial selection; he overlooks natural selection.

Alter Brody is one of the few Jewish writers in America who can give translated Yiddish idiom something of the original tang. I have long been convinced that the humor and spice of the jargon could never be rendered adequately in English, so peculiar are the twists and inversions of the tongue. But I am not quite so certain now. Mr. Brody has obviously made a study of the problem, and I feel that his talent as a poet should enable him to do what less gifted writers have almost completely given up. He has already gone very far in the four one-act plays just published under the title, *Lamentations*. (Coward-McCann: \$2.50.)

Mr. Brody's playlets embody real conflicts, but these conflicts are of emotion expressed in words rather than in physical action. Their suitability for the stage is therefore a matter of doubt. While his characters are ghetto-people, he does not deal with the social implications of their life. He is wholly concerned with the individual. Since the sorrows and joys of the individual may reflect the sorrows and joys of the mass, there is some sense of the community. But it is not enough. The Jewish ghetto presents itself as a single dramatic unit, providing an immediate theme for the theatre, as well as for thought. The problems of the mass are greater than those of the individual.

BERNARD SMITH.

ON BEING A JEW

The Island Within, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

Ludwig Lewisohn has written in English what has long been the favorite legend of pious Jewish literature. It is the story of a sensitive Jew who lives among the Gentiles, trusting in them, even marrying one of their women, only to discover at last that they secretly despise him for being a Jew. Whereupon he comes back sobbing like a prodigal to the bosom of his folk, to find there his spiritual home.

One disbelieves the legend, yet it strikes a chord in the Jewish heart. For it is painful to be a Jew at times. The Jews have been a race of exiles, aliens and despised "foreigners" for many centuries. They have been hunted and lynched and spat upon. There was a brief "democratic" interlude for some fifty years for the Jew, but now, with the rise of Fascism, the ocean of anti-Semitism sweeps in on us again.

America is due for a decade of race conflicts. Half of this country is populated by recent immigrants and their sons, who have grown powerful enough now to openly express their disgust with the antics of some of these so-called "natives" of British extraction. Supermen and aristocrats must occasionally demonstrate that they are really superior, or go under. The Ku Klux is an attempt to maintain the tottering Anglo-Saxon supremacy in this country by violence. The K. K. K. spirit is not ended, as some optimists believe; it has only begun. But it must eventually fail; for it is outnumbered and outwitted. The melting pot will win over all.

The thing Lewisohn misses is that the Jew is only one of many races that have had to feel the poisoned arrows of race prejudice in this country. Anyone who knows Italian workers, or Greek, or Mexican, or Negro, must surely know the bitterness that rankles in them, as a result of the old American "ideals." And anyone who visited Boston a year ago, when the infuriated British-American blue-bloods lynched Sacco and Vanzetti, would have come away with a lesson in race prejudice as heartsearing as the many that have been demonstrated on the Jews.

Lewisohn discusses the race problem of a middle class Jew, not of a worker. His protagonist moves in a world where everyone is constantly on the make, and constantly worried by it. The middle class man cannot afford to be generous or brave or free; it would cost him money.

THE NEW PLAYWRIGHTS THEATRE

will open its third season about December 1st with a production of a revised version of

SINGING JAILBIRDS

by UPTON SINCLAIR

at the PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE

SINGING JAILBIRDS is a dramatization of the great California marine workers strike of 1923. It has been called Sinclair's masterpiece. No other American play has so well caught the spirit of that daring group of revolutionary workers—the Wobblies. Their adventurous mood gives *SINGING JAILBIRDS* a furious tempo, and the songs as composed and sung by them on the battlefield of labor make this play a never to be forgotten experience in the theatre.

Productions of this play in the revolutionary theatres of Austria, Germany, Czecho Slovakia, Russia and France have been eminently successful.

AIRWAYS, INC., by John Dos Passos will be the second production of the season. Many critics have hailed this work as Dos Passos' most serious creation.

Telephone or write at once for reservations.
Theatre parties must be scheduled in advance.
Special rates for organizations.

OFFICES AND WORKSHOP

133 West 14th Street

(Open until 10 P. M.)

Telephone Watkins 0588

A book service is conducted by the N. P. T., the profits of which go to the Sustaining Fund of the theatre. Order direct or by mail any book you wish. We will get it for you at regular prices.

Published plays of the N. P. T. always on hand: "Loud Speaker" (Lawson), "Earth" (Basshe), "The Belt" (Sifton), "The Centuries" (Basshe), "International" (Lawson). \$2.00 each.

Many "liberals" have the same attitude toward Jews as they have toward Negroes, Italians, Greeks, and other foreigners. They are willing to be our friends so long as we are humble. There must be a tacit acknowledgement on our part that they are superior. We must not be leaders in rebellion, we must not display our florid Jewish gestures to them, we must not stand naked and unashamed of our black Negro faces before them, or our hooked Jewish noses. We must agree that the Anglo-Saxon physiognomy is superior, that Anglo-Saxon ideals are the purest, that Anglo-Saxon manners are the most refined.

Sometimes a lurking anti-semitism breaks to the surface among liberals. Only this month the writer learned of the case of Dr. Frederick C. Howe. This derelict of American progressivism now owns a hotel at Sconset, Mass., where Jews are not permitted. He is probably ashamed of the fact, but it would doubtless cost him money and prestige to remove the ban. Meanwhile he is working for Al Smith and "tolerance."

Lewisohn's hero would have suffered if chased out of a nest of middle class liberalism like Howe's summer hotel. But a Jewish worker would not even know that such a problem existed. His sorrows are more real and violent. One of the peculiar things about the race question is that the middle class relatives of Lewisohn's outraged hero are probably in the clothing trade, and hire Irish police and gangsters to slug and murder their own working class Jewish brothers and sisters.

I have seen some of these sluggings. There was little about them of that warm transcendental vapor of spirituality in which Lewisohn's hero bathes when he is returning to the Jewish culture. I refuse, for one, to be a Jewish nationalist until I know what Lewisohn and the other "spiritualists" have to say about this gulf between the Jewish workers and Jewish capitalists.

It is the same gulf that exists in every race. It cuts across all the races of man. It is the root problem of the world today, the other problems are offshoots.

As a Jew, I know that anti-Jewish prejudice exists. I will fight it to the death. I will stand up for my race, as I will for a Negro or Italian in like circumstances. And I refuse to run away, even if there were an escape in Palestine or Africa, as there certainly is not. America is our country, as much as anyone's. We will plant ourselves here, not retreat to some mythical fatherland in the deserts of Palestine or Africa.

Lewisohn's novel is the best piece of writing he has done. It is a smooth and masterly narrative. But the last dozen chapters ruin his case, for they offer the modern Jew an escape backward into a medieval obscurantism and superstition so dark that Catholicism seems enlightened by contrast.

Let the world remain the tragic fatherland of the Jew. It is not a mean fatherland to claim. And let the Jewish worker still tie his destiny to that of the persecuted and martyred working class of the world, in whose great ocean there is no drop of race prejudice, but only universal tragedy and universal hope.

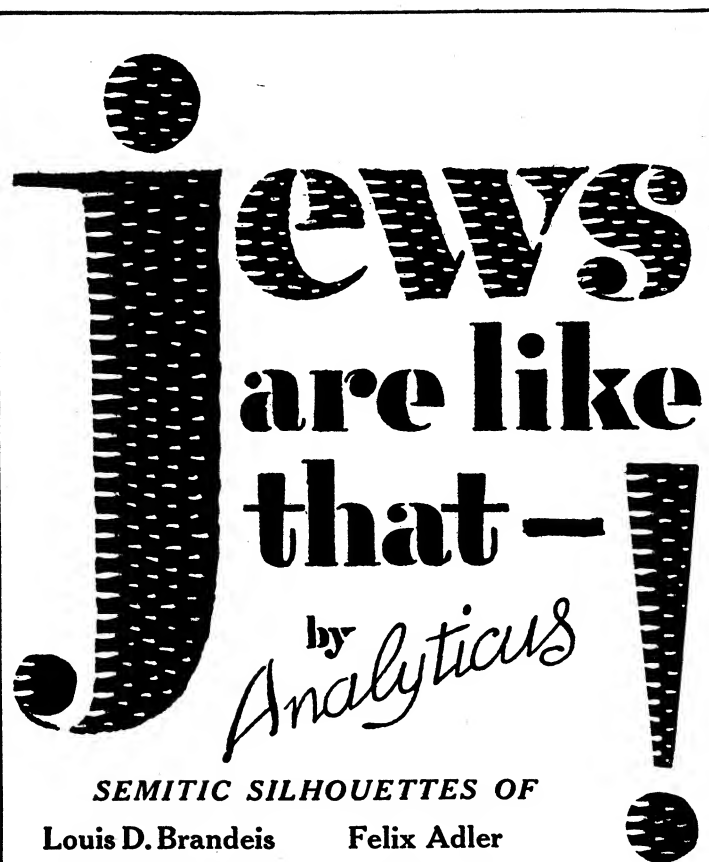
MICHAEL GOLD.

Plots Against Soviet Russia

American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917, by Frederick Lewis Schuman. International Publishers. \$3.75.

This book seeks, to use its author's own words, "to tell with a fair degree of completeness the story of Russian-American relations since the Revolution."

Dr. Schuman, an instructor in political science at the University of Chicago, has fully carried out his task. With careful reference and ample documentation he has covered the story of America's relations to the March and October Revolutions, the hard-boiled business self-seeking of Ambassador Francis, the inquiring liberality of Col. Robbins, the inglorious and futile Root Mission with its A. F. of L. and pro-war socialist appendages, the grandiose salutations of Woodrow Wilson to what he hoped would be a solid democratic banker's Republic, the financing of the pompous and money-clutching Boris Bakmetieff, the encouragement to the Czech forces in Siberia, the direct aid to the bloody White generals, the interventions on a half dozen fronts, the usual counter-revolutionary role of the Red Cross, the Sisson documents and the gallant yarn about the nationalization of the *rusky* flappers, the vicissitudes of the Martens Mission, the solemn mouthings of Baptist Hughes, Standard Oil attorney, and the squeaky imitations of Nervous Nellie Kellogg and the righteous Harding—indeed the whole wild panorama of American-Soviet relations for ten years back is faithful sketched. Scarcely one pertinent incident is missing.



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Altogether it is a reference book of the first importance, diligently footnoted, rigidly impartial and quite readable. All sorts of facts worth remembering come to the surface as one follows this fascinating tale of duplicity, stupidity and diplomatic folly.

One fact is that the worthy *New York Times* easily led the field in long distance lying, general fabrication and the brewing of blood-curdling tales about the Russian workers' government. Its news and editorials were thoroughly sadistic.

Another fact the book recalls is that the outstanding sympathizers for the Russian White Guards in 1918 included such esteemed libertarians as Elihu Root, Nicholas Miraculous Butler, Samuel Gompers (the reader may remember Sam's wail in Vol. II of his *Seventy Years of Life and Labor*: "But all our efforts to prevent the second Russian revolution failed"), Stephen S. Wise, John Spargo and Warren Gamaliel Harding. Writing of these gentlemen Dr. Schuman remarks, "All were agreed that Bolshevism must be destroyed and that Kolchak and his colleagues were Russian saviors." But Mr. Schuman does not share this view of the Siberian generals Gompers and his like were supporting. He says that instead of being saviors they were nothing but a crew of reactionary despots, butchers of the peasantry, and pogromists. Their Omsk Government, which Gompers and Ralph Easley wanted the American government to recognize, was dominated by a gang of reactionary nobles whose governing consisted of a reign of terror against the workers and peasants. Schuman calls it a "brutal, monarchist tyranny."

Still another fact. Herbert Hoover showed himself a sickly prophet when he declared in 1921 that "under their (the Soviet) economic system, no matter how much they moderate it in name, there can be no real return to production in Russia." Since these silly words were uttered the U. S. S. R. has gone steadily upward in production till she has passed way beyond pre-war. And her economy is more socialized than at any time since the announcement of the new economic policy. But Mr. Hoover still regards this thriving economy as a "vacuum."

Yes, a book like this is good to have around when refuting some of the frequent slanders, lies, innuendos, rumors and miscellaneous muck hurled at the Soviets by Mr. Matthew Woll, Acting President of the National Civic Federation. (Mr. Woll, it may interest the reader from Mars, is also a Vice President of the American Federation of Labor and the "reorganizer" of the Furriers Union and the most furious Communist-baiter outside of Italy.) Such a detailed and scholarly analysis as Dr. Schuman has prepared provides a sound reply to the strident bleatings of the Wolls, the Ralph Easleys, the Archibald Stevensons and other professional sniffers after Reds.

Let there be no disguising the fact that the Woll-Easley Civic Federation together with its banker and insurance company friends and the Russian emigres and White guardists all pray and plot unceasingly for the downfall of the Soviet Union. It is they who are preparing to give full support to the international imperialist powers who are planning war on the only workers and peasants government in the world. Dr. Schuman will of course make these birds weep when he writes:

"The hope of bringing about the overthrow of the Soviet regime and its replacement by a frankly capitalist regime must be abandoned. To preserve it further is to deal not with realities but with the fantasies and chimeras that have already played far too large a role in Russian-American relations since 1917."

Workers readers who cannot afford to pay \$3.75 for this heavy volume should at least consult it at the nearest library. It provides splendid ammunition for those who would join in defending the Soviet Union against her enemies both in the Chambers of Commerce and in the American Federation of Labor.

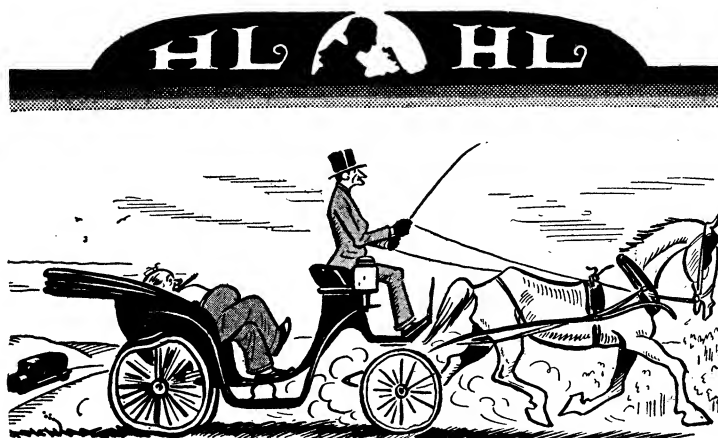
ROBERT DUNN.

MINOR MUSIC, by HENRY REICH, JR., Parnassus, \$1.

This little babybluecovered volume is divided into four parts: Songs of People, Songs of Earth, Songs of Revolt, and Songs to Sheba. Of these, a few of the poems in Songs of Revolt are the best. The others are fashioned in the rose and lavender words of twenty-five years ago. Even the poems in Songs of Revolt are a little too mild, too detached from the author. If there is revolt in them, it is a nicely patterned revolt, and not the surging revolt of the person who feels himself oppressed by the present social system.

The poems reveal a rather haphazard study of verse, but only of its obsolete forms. However, the volume is appropriately named.

EDWIN ROLFE.



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THE HOUDINI OF SEX

Why We Misbehave, by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Macaulay. \$5.

This book is a summation of some aspects of contemporary civilization. The author writes with an intensity that is quite unusual in a work of this nature, but intensity is not synonymous with logic or science. He has done an excellent job in attacking the repellent phases of our society; when erecting mechanisms for reform, however, he reverts to the role of necromancer drawing psychiatric potions and metaphysical cures out of his bag of tricks.

Society is suffering from innumerable maladies, and sex frustration is certainly one of them. The breakdown of the old morality is bringing a new attitude toward love and marriage. A sexual revolution is here, according to Dr. Schmalhausen, a new technic involving changes from procreation to recreation, from conception to contra-ception. It is passion's coming of age, heralding a new era in the life of the sexes, bringing visions of halcyon dawns roseate with love's magic! What a picture for the tired business man, the slaving house-wife, the movie fan! It is a grand plea for refreshing romance in sex unions dessicated by fear, hypocrisy, and tradition. Unfortunately, we have not yet involved a society which engenders such utopian relationships, and the course advocated by Mr. Schmalhausen is yet remote and grotesque.

We are all abnormal. It is the keynote of our existence. We have inferiorities, phobias, compulsions, fixations, neuroses. Dr. Schmalhausen gives the greatest role to the prevalence of inferiority in human conduct. He uses a term, personality—deficit, which he considers new, but which has all the earmarks of Adler's concept. He contends, as do all Adlerians, that it is inherent in the human personality, whether it be organic in nature or due to some psychic mal-adjustment or perhaps even be lodged somewhere in the autonomic region. It is this feeling later on expanded to include a general feeling of inadequacy which makes cowards, heroes, artists, and the good doctor might even include lovers, of us all.

It is this sense of inferiority which must be combatted or cured. And how is it done? "By inculcating a new courage, a new clarity, a new confidence consequent upon a sympathetic analysis of the person's history. . . . This new 'educational psychiatry' promises wonderfully for the re-education of the sexes." What childish naivete in the face of the forces of society that have been creating barriers between the economically superior and the economically inferior classes. Private property relations based on economic class privileges have been the instruments for the inculcation of inferiority in the human personality. In Russia, where property relations between employer and employee permits no line of demarcation considered in terms of social advantages, the "inferiority complex" is bound to die. Also in early primitive society, where communism prevailed and equalitarian standards maintained, there was no possibility for the superior-inferiority psychology. Malinowski, in his psychoanalytic studies among the Trobriands, has brought to light a series of relationships which upset Freud's most profound calculations with regard to the Oedipus complex and sent Ernest Jones scurrying around for new complexes. Another statement savoring of the hothouse — "the incorrigible human impulse to form clubs, secret societies, cliques, clans, ghettos, takes its origin in the feeling of inferiority." The Jews who were forced into ghettos by degrees and made to wear hats of a particular hue, surely were not born with a capacity for inferiority. They developed this sense by inbreeding, by their singularity and by their forced isolation. After all, inferiority is dependent upon the conditions under which one lives, and to erect psychic reasons for material conditions, is like building a skyscraper with spider-web foundations. So much for inferiority.

In Chapter IV—Psychiatry to the Rescue—the author shoots his most eloquent and fundamental darts. Here we have an effort to subordinate all the efforts of man, particularly the study of history, to psychoanalytic psychiatry. He views civilization as being on the downgrade, and offers as cure—"compassion." "That is, a social sympathy illumined by a fairly impersonal sense of justice." In short, he offers individualistic cures for social ills. In regard to war he says, "Even admitting that great economic conflicts of capitalistic cliques for the hogging of the world's resources are the graphic, realistic cause of modern wars, how can we explain (in terms of purely economic interpretation) the willingness of millions of men to get themselves shot to smithereens in a traders' war which cannot possibly promise any good outcome for themselves."

In the first place no true Marxist would be so absurd as to stress purely economic interpretation. Engels never used such phrase-



The November issue of the Labor Defender presents Soviet Russia as it is today. All phases of Russian life are shown pictorially in a rare collection of photographs from Soviet Russia. Articles from the world's first workers' government include

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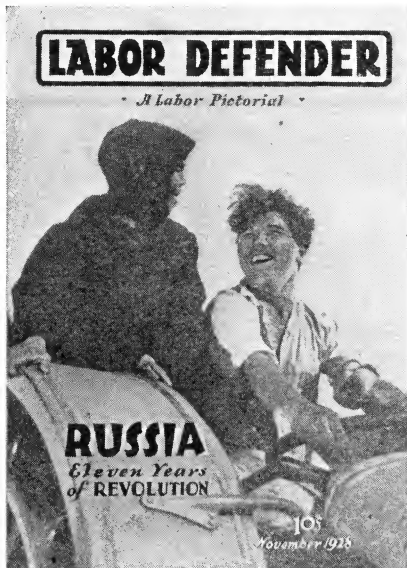
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ology and the thought would be alien to any critical-minded radical. Economic causes and habits prompted by a routine of obedience would be nearer the truth. Besides, many were willing to go, but many more were unwilling to do so. If they refused and were ready to die for their ideal, the psychoanalyst would contemptuously mutter, "Martyr complex." The war did not interfere with the regular regimentation and exploitation. It was merely carrying into other channels the instrumentalities and mechanics of imperialistic technic. The war accentuated the habits of compulsion as it did other forms of conduct.

Another challenge: "You would be hard put to it as economic determinist to account for the fiendish delight accompanying the incredible lynching bees that are a part of America's glorious record." We are here confronted with a type of personality created by a hard isolated environment, lacking mediums of entertainment, devoid of culture, surrounded by a race alien in character and to him inferior, hemmed in by a stale doctrinaire Christianity, looking out on a suffocating world, dependent upon the whims of weather for his income. In short, these are all material factors by which the soul (somatic sense) is affected.

What Dr. Schmalhausen is attempting to do is in absolute contradiction of the effects of material conditions on the individual. He ignores the prime factors in the moulding of our society and tries through the clinic to eradicate a troop of evils which are forever mocking the savant. A reformation of the individual will not come before we have a transformation in the structure of society. Man is at war with self because he reflects the chaos about him.

I quote John Dewey: "We may desire abolition of war, industrial justice, greater equity of opportunity for all. But no amount of preaching good-will or the golden rule or cultivating sentiments of love and equity will accomplish the results. There must be a change in objective arrangements and institutions. We must work on the environment, not merely on the hearts of men. To think otherwise is to suppose that flowers can be raised in the desert or motor cars can run in a jungle. Both things can happen and without a miracle. But only by first changing the desert and the jungle."

—GEORGE KRINN.

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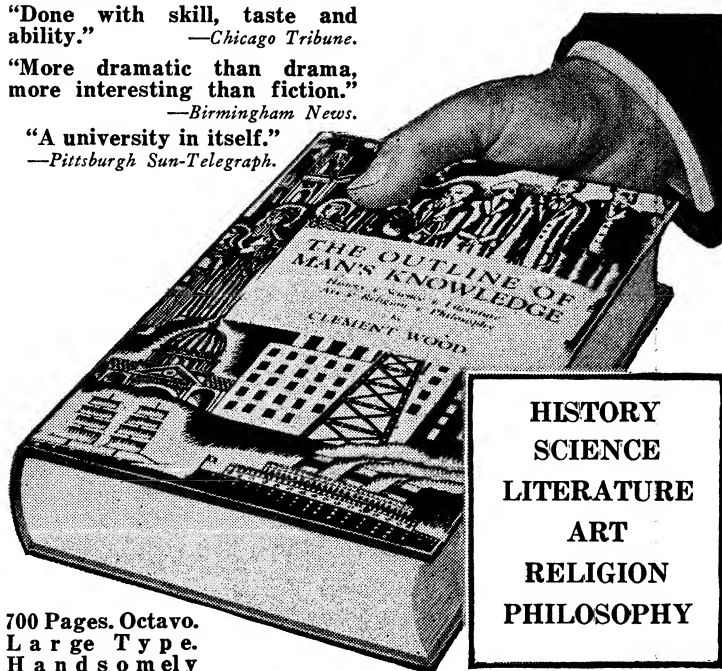
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EPIC OF THE UNDERDOG

History of the American Working Class, By Anthony Bimba. International Publishers. \$2.50.

In this book Anthony Bimba traces the long story of the American underdog from the colonial days, when he was imported to do the chores and the navy work incidental to founding a future empire, to the present time, when that empire has materialized.

Bimba does not mince words, and he leaves tame sentiments to those who can afford to behave gently in a situation which is one of extreme challenge to those who admit that the ultimate destiny of the working class is to run the works.

Starting with the history of early slave-importations, through the period of bond-slavery, and the revolution, into the fogs of the utopian period, Mr. Bimba arrives into the militancy of the '80's and plunges into the left-wing movements that aggravate those people particularly who will look askance at Mr. Bimba's contribution to class-conscious literature.

To discuss the existence of a working "class" at this late date is to waste time in hot abstractions. Labor's shy entrance into banking, etc., does not alter the basic elements of the situation. Class lines are being constantly drawn tighter and higher as industrial captains make their position more impregnable, and capital rules everywhere with high hand.

Mr. Bimba's book is the first of its kind, and brings the history of the American underling to date. The work abounds in numerous extracts from notable historians, Mr. Bimba's own contribution being in the nature of an editorial commentary on these citations from historians.

The point of view throughout is definitely militant. Mr. Bimba is suspicious of class-collaboration projects, and stands for a clear-cut policy of challenge and fight. It is the mission of the working-classes to challenge and destroy the power of capitalism, and he praises or condemns historic movements with reference to whether they helped or hindered this goal.

Workers who cannot afford many books will find this one a precious addition to their library of working-class literature. Ordinary histories overlook the struggles of the workers. The fight of the toiler is lost sight of amid the glory of futile bloodshed. But here is a history of the worker's own struggle through the years, and some insight into the present situation.

While academic hair-splitters have found some pimples on the clear complexion of the narrative, the worker need not trouble himself about the points raised. The history is an excellent summary of three hundred years of discontent on American soil, and a fine inspiration to the malcontents whose rebellions will make the history of the working class in the time to come.

ED FALKOWSKI.



SNAPPY and SHALLOW

W. R. Hearst, by John K. Winkler. Simon & Schuster. 2.50.

Here is an example of what modern biography has come to in this jazzy age. Theatrically, Mr. Winkler presents William Randolph Hearst—An American Phenomenon. He gives us a good show. *Hearst* is readable, snappily written, entertaining. But it's showmanship, like so many of the recent so-called biographies that are making American history as profitable and as false as the movies, the radio and the stage. This is intellect gone Black-Bottom, swaying to the tune of the Imperialistic Blues.

Hearst deserves more substantial treatment. He is without doubt an American phenomenon. But more than that, he is a phenomenon with interesting social implications, deserving serious analysis, unfazed. He is owner of some 40 daily newspapers and magazines in this country and abroad, half a dozen international news, feature and motion picture services, influencing the social viewpoint of millions, playing to their basest inclinations and exploiting their gullability.

Hearst is a consistent advocate of aggressive militarism that began with his campaign for the annexation of Hawaii, continued for the war against Spain, blazoned during the World War and continues today as the mouth-piece for aggressive American world domination.

Hearst was born to millions and used his first fifteen of them to good effect in starting on his yellow, not so sweet-smelling career. Immensely wealthy, stirring masses into becoming willing cannon-fodder, exploiting patriotism for what there was in it for his publishing enterprises, he posed also, for what there was in it,

as a "friend of the people." With his first newspaper given to him by his father, in 1887, after he was expelled from college, he was an advocate of the referendum and recall, public ownership of public utilities, and all other ineffectual "reforms," anticipating the period of muck-racking and utopian socialism that accompanied the growth of monopolistic control of American resources and governmental machinery.

Supposed foe of the "highwaymen of high finance" and "friend of the people" Hearst has served dominant interests despite occasional difficulties and has been able to make his patriotism pay to the tune of an estimated yearly profit of 15 million dollars.

Such a phenomenon deserves more profound analysis, a much closer examination of the social implications than the jazzy estimate that finds him "A Lucullus, a Maecenas, a chameleon genius, a man of impenetrable emotion, an individual of extraordinary merit and demerit. Above all a liver-stirring showman, born with a love of third-act climaxes and a genius for creating them." It's the showman we get in this book, not the social products of our times, and the "liver-stirring showman" too, that is the admiration of an author who uses the very method of Hearst in presenting, not analyzing him.

Since his early days Hearst's motto was, "Get the news. Get it first. Make a continuous great noise to attract readers; denounce crooked wealth and promise better conditions for the poor to keep readers. INCREASE CIRCULATION." Making a noise, becoming a "friend" of the poor and getting and keeping readers by the millions. Hearst failed in his political adventures that were aimed at the presidency. Al Smith and the Tammany machine made a political monkey of him.

As fiction "Hearst" is snappy reading. As a study of an American phenomenon it isn't worth your time. It is written by a journalist, in the style of Hearst, who with all the facts of Hearst's unsavory class role, can still find in snobbish admiration that Hearst "... educated the mob. He bridged the gap between illiteracy and literacy for millions. He taught the submerged nine-tenths to do at least some thinking for themselves. ..." This is sheer unadulterated and high-hat hokey. Socially analytical good black bread is what we want here. This book is cake.

WALTER CARMON.



drawn by Wm. Siegel



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WORKERS' LETTERS

A Bookseller's Day

Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 29, 1928.

Kamerad Michael:

Check for \$1.50. Please find enclosed. It's all I can spare. I tried to spear some subscriptions, but without success. I like to read the magazine. I profit by it. (The fact is I am a bookseller for the last six years), and I am selling it. I don't know if you are as broke as I am. You must understand that I am stocked with books. Indexed by the hierarchy.

It took me 25 years. But I own the books now. For how long I don't care.

I graduated from many Hard Knocks Schools, Factories, Mills, Farms, Offices, Stores, Hotels, Restaurants. I loved books. I bought and sold books. I traded books. Last but not least, I read books! No matter how often they raise the rent, I READ. No matter, how often I omit meals, I read. In six years my rent was raised six times. My capital of course is limited, very much so, but I don't care, I read. I am growing old, gray and shriveled but I don't care, I READ AND READ MORE.

When the Weltschmerz gets hold of me, so many workers rotting in prisons all over the world, I read—I read more. Often do I weaken, I weaken to self-pity, self love, self humiliation and sometimes I think of extermination, but I read and read, read!

Now Kamerad, if my stuff is fit to print, O. K. If not, to the waste basket with it!

Wishing you lots of success, I am

Yours truly,

FREDERIC FRIEDFERTIG.

A Visiting Star

Ow d' yoo doo, master!!? Thus am I greeted by an exotic looking young woman. Why, master? asked I. Oh, it's my fancy. You don't mind. Doc and Professor is common. She opens her leather brief, takes out a note book and reads:

Have you "Why don't we behave like human beings?" I try to correct her, but she reads: Have you "A conventional life of our Civilization?" and "Natural Philosophy of Love"? While I wrapped the desired books for her, she remarked: You remind me of a souffleur. You know, the prompter of the stage, don't you? I see no connection, said I. But I do, she insisted. You see, your bookshop is three steps down. You sit here with a big volume before you, you see what's going on without, but you are not seen; and you are a prompter too. I am the leading lady this week in the Mason Opera House, so you are seeing stars in daylight, master. Thanks a lot, said I, seeing stars by day is rather unusual. Maybe, she said, but I am only a visiting star.

Polish—Pride—Complex

A middle aged man enters. Are you the proprietor? Do you speak Polish? Are you Jewish? What do you know of Polish literature? If I hadn't given him a sheet of paper and told him: At the speed you started out, you better put it in writing: he had bombarded me with questions till dawn's-day. Well sir, said he, what I am after: Have you the works of the great Polish philosopher Niechee? I told the man, I don't happen to know any Polish philosopher, besides I have no Polish books in stock.

His works are written in German, said the man! Oh, in that case, said I, it must be Friedrich Nietzsche you want? Yes, said he, but he is Polish, so is Copernicus, Chopin, Paderewski, Misha Elmen, Conrad and Abe Cahan. Here I interrupted him and handed him "Thus Spake Zarathustra," for which he paid, and remarked: You must be Polish too, yes sir, Poland is a great nation! He hands me his card and departs.

J. S. von Zgodziwsky (formerly with the Austrian Imperial Guard. Now in the movies).

Well, he has the complex.

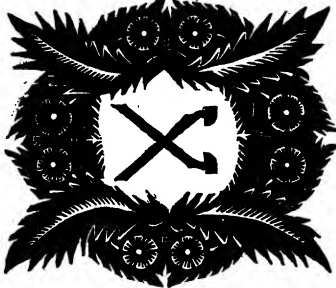
An American Boy in China

Dear Ed—

I received your papers a couple of days ago and it sure seemed good to read something about the home town again. Home-sick and sentimental. I'm that way.

I see that John has gone into insurance, good for him. And Roy has left for the military training camp. I hope he will be able to decide whether he would care to stick it out for a cruise. I'm getting so I don't give a damn much—2 years, 9 mo., and a butt left.

The suicides in the paper remind me of the ones here, seven of them since they landed. Joe W., a young fellow who came thru the boot camp with me was one of them. There was something wrong with his water. It wasn't venereal, but they tortured the hell out of him at the hospital and he was a living wreck when they let him out, just skin and bones. He used his rifle, blew the whole top of his head off. Blood, bones and brains were scattered all around his bunk. Well, he has no more to worry about. He was only 19, a quiet kid with fine eyes and a good mind. Stinking, dirty, lowdown China got him as it did many more. Thirty or more have died at the hospital. The Standard Oil fire claimed another victim, I don't blame him, colder than the nubs of hell and when anyone tried to get a cup of java or a sandwich, the mess officer asked us if we thought we were on a picnic or standing a watch. He used a pistol, done a good job of it too, shoved it in his mouth. A top sergeant of



the tenth regiment filled himself full of booze, took a gat in one hand and a bottle in the other and took off for the bund decks. One fellow took off after him but the top threw the bottle and used his gat. The last suicide was not much of a success. The kid blew out half of his face and one eye. He was unconscious when they put him on the stretcher and carried him out, just as they came out of the billets evening colors blew, so they had to put him down while they saluted. He kept jumping and kicking, a helluva sight.

China, our beautiful mystic orient, with its stench and corruption everywhere. Not a piece of green grass. Where there is any, a human pile of dung is sure to be there too. God damn. And then people wonder why a man goes to hell with such environment. I've seen six dead Chinamen floating down the river past our billet. Chinks in the river boats, "sampans" just poled them away from their boats and left them floating on. That was during the trouble in May. They bury them in boxes on top of the ground, dogs get in and tear everything apart, scattering it for the winds to spread its fragrance. That's out at Belgian field, we call it the — field, because there are so many human dung piles there for us to fall in while doing skirmishes and all the rest of the bull of training.

I stayed away from vice for 2 months, but it seems hopeless. Red was locked up for 3 months, fell asleep on post. He didn't get a fine, so he had a big roll this pay-day, today. He broke out with the "Old Joe," while in the brig, it didn't sober him up any tho, like I thought it would. He is as wild as ever. He has a red liberty card, that's why I'm in so early tonight.

Let me hear from you again.

S.

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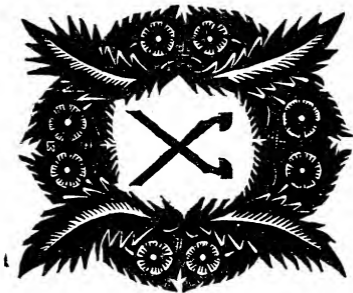
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oved it in his mouth. A top sergeant



A Baker's Thoughts

I was recently discharged from the U. S. N. and for the past months have been employed here in Frisco as a baker's helper. I am at present the only American in the shop, the others being SPANISH, ITALIANS and MEXICANS.

The MEXICANS here are of the most unfortunate type that our modern civilization has been able to produce, none being capable to read or write and their knowledge of English is practically zero.

My attention was recently drawn to one of the young MEXICAN fellows whose wife had been confined to the hospital for the past year with an incurable sickness; every cent of his earnings has gone to pay hospital expenses, doctors, etc.

A few weeks ago she died. More debts. Recently he had the great misfortune to rupture himself at the shop, incidentally he lost some time.

I saw him today, pale, back at his machine making a miserable attempt to do his work. When questioned he explained that he needed an operation but would not be able to get it until he had the money to pay for it. To use the current expression as far as he is concerned "it won't be long now" and only a few blocks across Market Street is the "DREAMLAND AUDITORIUM" where nightly the FLUTARCHS OF SAN FRANCISCO with their over dressed women disport themselves at the OPERA, smug and conceited, discuss art and their PITY charities. THE YOUNG MEXICAN is no concern of mine and yet the injustice of these things make me sick. Sometimes I feel like trying to break away from it all and only the thought that other rebels are pushing the cause along gives me courage.

I hope some day to put my shoulders alongside of the others and topple it over with all its rotten sordidness and raise the curtain of the NEW SOCIETY.

"FRISCO BLACKIE."

San Francisco, Calif.



**A Soviet Worker
Sculptured by Tchaikoff**

cracked, the cup was broken, a handle was off a sauce-boat and I couldn't imagine what had become of the bottom of a jar. Also it seemed strange to me that I couldn't wash a tray without leaving finger-marks on it and as soon as I washed the knives and laid them down on the draining-board, the water ran back on the handle. I could but marvel at the way they solved these kitchen-mysteries back in the old homestead.

The unceasing clattering of dishes, the scurry of the orders and the combination of the different sounds led me to believe that this is the place where Paul Whiteman gets his inspiration.

When they shout "Silver up!" it sounded to me like an allegorical version of "money talks."

Painstakingly though as I handled the dishes thereafter, I found I interrupted myself now and then by an involuntary exclamation at the durability of crockery.

The kitchen maid dressed herself piquantly—so did she the salads. Little wonder she has become the object of the chef's indiscriminating admiration. The chef knew what he wanted but he couldn't pronounce it. He certainly knew his onions and his steaks but vehemently disapproved the Eighteenth Amendment, which fact made the quality of his demands mightily harsh. His white cap was always set on at just the chef angle.

The entire force affected a superior air toward me; as far as a dishwasher was concerned they believed in the Darwin-theoria. I surely felt like two cents, daily except Sunday. When I was bored of the monotony, amidst the flourishing of the dish-towel I shouted my enthusiasm of Shakespeare: "... 't is a consummation devoutly to be wished ..."

At the climax, like in the classic Greek tragedies, enters a herald. The manager appeared, he wants all hands aboard during the noon-rush.

Life's like a cafeteria. Everything is within reach, just help yourself.

S. C. GREENBOURGH.
New York City.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912. Of New Masses, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1928.

State of New York:

County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Natalie Gomez, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, New Masses, 39 Union Square, New York City; Editor, Michael Gold, 39 Union Square, New York City; Managing Editor, Michael Gold, 39 Union Square, New York City; Business Manager, Natalie Gomez, 39 Union Square, New York City.

2. That the owner is: Board of Trustees—New Masses: Egmont H. Arens, 39 Union Square, New York City; Helen Black, 46 Bank Street, New York City; Hugo Gellert, 39 Union Square, New York City; Michael Gold, 39 Union Square, New York City; Wm. Gropper, 20 Charles Street, New York City; Paxton Hibben, 422 West 22nd Street, New York City; Freda Kirchway, 20 Vesey Street, New York City; Louis Lozowock, 130 East 27th Street, New York City; Robert L. Leslie, 406 West 31st Street, New York City; Ruth Stout, 7 West 106th Street, New York City, and Rex Stout, 65 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities, in a capacity other than of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

NATALIE GOMEZ.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1928.

Sidney Benjamin, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1930.

Harry Dana teaches at the New School for Social Research.

Marguerite Tucker is secretary of the Civic Club.

Norman Macleod is editor of "Palo Verde."

Robert Wolf is now working on a new novel.

Clarina Michelson was the organizer of the Paperbox Makers' Union. She has just returned from Russia.

Henry George Weiss is a migratory worker-poet.

Hugo Gellert is now painting murals for the Workers' Cooperative Cafeteria.

A Dishwasher's Rhapsody

A genius is born, not made. I am convinced no one can learn to be a Shakespeare, but if you're a man with a vast dose of will-power, you may cherish the ambition to become a dishwasher. But how long, oh, how long does it take thoroughly to understand the mere mechanical manipulations of dishwashing? Since Knut Hamsun won the Nobel prize I began to doubt that renunciation is about all that's needed to this diversion. To my knowledge neither Kant's "Criticism of Pure Reason" nor Schopenhauer's or Emerson's works contain a word about dishwashing. Nor could I detect among the ads a Correspondence School offering a scullion course

Well, despite all these handicaps, at the first chance I noticed a "Dishwasher Wanted" sign in the window of a cafeteria. I applied for the job. After passing the cross-examinations I was furnished with a kitchen apron and supplied with plenty of dish towels, cloths, mops, ammonia, soap-suds and borax.

What a sight—dishes and dishes and dishes! You can't imagine how many dishes there are in a restaurant unless they're piled up about you in the four directions. There're small dishes for fruits, olives and butter and large ones for meat and vegetables. There're plates for soups, cereals, salads,—sauce-boats, water-pitchers, cups and saucers, tumblers, jugs, pots, kettles, graters, trays, skillets, silverware, thousand-and-one pie-pans and whatnots.

I stood there, as mournful a sight as an undertaker who has just learned about a new Life Extension Institute. Trying as the situation was, I tried to overcome my paralysis. I stacked up everything within a radius of twenty feet in a confused clutter as high as the Eiffel Tower. I started the scalding water and washed and rinsed the dishes. Where soap-suds wouldn't do, a handful of borax took its place. All of a sudden the pile started to slide—I offered up a prayer and when I restored my nerve to approach it, I found the pitcher was



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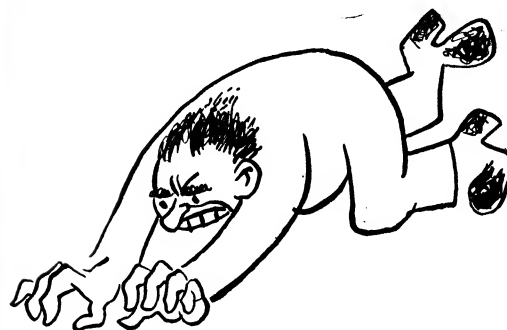
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